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TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION

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By MRS. ALMA WHITE, A. B.

.... *Author of* ....

Looking Back from Beulah, Gems of Life, Golden Sunbeams, Demons and Tongues, The Chosen People, My Trip to the Orient, The New Testament Church, (2 volumes), The Titanic Tragedy—God Speaking to the Nations, and Editor of *Pillar of Fire, Pillar of Fire Junior, London Pillar of Fire, The Good Citizen,* and *The Metropolitan.*

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CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

BEGINNING OF AN INTERESTING STORY

My First Trip West—Bannack, the First Capital of Montana—Early Western Architecture—Cowboys—Stage Ride—Features of Western Life—Town Gossips—A Special Call—Trying Times—How Fortunes were Made—Spiritual Conditions—Tragedies near Dillon.

CHAPTER II

FURTHER LABORS ON THE FRONTIER

Holding up the Standard—An Unfortunate Deed—The Powers of Darkness Enraged—Suffering Reproach—Removal to Colorado and Marriage—A Call to Preach—Healed of Physical Ailments—Another Call to Montana—Difficulties in the Way—Revival at Dillon—A Holiness Band Organized—Opposed by Preachers—A Mad Methodist.

CHAPTER III

MY MISSION TO MONTANA

Let my People go—The Plagues of Egypt—Consequences of Rejecting God—God's Hand upon the People of Southern Montana—"Grandpa" Bridwell Translated—His Preparation—"Let's go Home."

CONTENTS

CHAPTER IV

THE LAMONT TRAGEDY

Blanch Lamont Foully Murdered—Comments from Newspapers—Roger Lamont Shot in Breast.

CHAPTER V

THE DEATH OF SOME OLD-TIMERS

Stricken with Paralysis—Killed by an Engine—Thrown from a Wagon—Died in New York—An Old Citizen Passes Away—The Funeral—Shot Himself.

CHAPTER VI

FURTHER ACCOUNTS OF SUDDEN DEATHS TAKEN FROM DILLON TRIBUNE AND DILLON EXAMINER

Died of Diphtheria—Another Sad Death—Killed in a Fight—Death by Suicide—Accidentally Killed—Fell from Wagon and Died—Brewer Dies—A Verdict of Manslaughter.

CHAPTER VII

OLD CHURCH APOSTASY

Opposition to Holiness—Church Machinery—Revivals—Opening of Bible School—Butte, Montana—Preacher Mobbed at Dillon—Fight Against Holiness—A Preacher's Guilt—Object of a True Christian—Wild Beasts Again Aroused.

CHAPTER VIII

MORE RECENT TRAGEDIES AT DILLON

Editor Dies—Murdered at Salt Lake—High School Teacher Passes Away—Young Man Murdered

ILLUSTRATIONS

Mrs. Alma White - - - - - - - *Frontispiece*

PAGE

Cowboys Mounting their Horses - - - - - - 19
Mountain Express - - - - - - - - - 22
Miners Washing Gold - - - - - - - - 29
Herd of Cattle in the West - - - - - - 34
American Bison - - - - - - - - - 40
Squaw from Lemhi Indian Reservation - - 46
Beaverhead Rock - - - - - - - - - 53
Bluff on River Road—Beaverhead Valley - - 62
Scene in the Montana Mountains - - - 66
Main Street, Dillon, Montana - - - - 70
Churches of Dillon - - - - - - - 78
Making Hay Near Dillon - - - - - - 84
In the Rockies - - - - - - 90
Flume Near Dillon - - - - - - - - 94
A Camp In the Mountains - - - - - 102
Beaverhead County Court House - - - 109
A Bucking Bronco - - - - - - - - 116
Stream Near Dillon - - - - - - - 123
"They began Hurling the People in Every Direction" - - - - - - - - 133

Illustrations

In the Hands of the Mob - - - - - - 137
A Herd of Montana Sheep - - - - - 146
Freighting in Montana - - - - - - 155
Indian Girls—Photo taken Near Dillon - - 163
On the Crest of the Rocky Mountains - - 170
Mountain Stream—Snow-Capped Peak in the Distance - - - - - - - - - 178
Beautiful Valley in the Mountains - - - 188
The Arrest in Front of the Tabor Grand Opera House - - - - - - 198
Pillar of Fire Missionaries in Prison - - 203
In the Chamber of Death - - - - - 212
"I'll Risk It" - - - - - - - 221
The New Denver Post-Office - - - - - 230
State House, Denver - - - - - - 235
Park Scene, Denver - - - - - - 239
Effect of the Earthquake, San Francisco - 246
View from Nob Hill, San Francisco, after the Earthquake - - - - - - - 253
In the Business Section of Cincinnati During the Flood - - - - - - - 262
Street Scene, Indianapolis, During Flood - - 268
Buildings Wrecked by Flood, Dayton, Ohio - 274
Vaniman's Airship a few Minutes Before it Exploded - - - - - - - 283
Zeppelin "L-2" after the Explosion - - - 288

Truth Stranger than Fiction

CHAPTER I

The Beginning of an Interesting Story

It has now been more than a quarter of a century since the writer first stepped on Western soil. My ticket was purchased from Millersburg, Kentucky, to Dillon, a small town in Beaverhead County, Southern Montana. Here I took the stage for Bannack, the first capital, a little town down between the peaks of the Rockies. Bannack, twenty-five miles from Dillon, was the scene of the early mining activities in a once famous gold mining district. I found it almost deserted, having a population of only two or three hundred people.

The town is inseparably connected with the history of Dillon, as most of its early inhabitants moved to Beaverhead Valley, where they engaged in ranching and stock-raising. Later, the Utah and Northern Railroad was

built, and other leading citizens of Bannack moved into the valley and became the principal promoters and builders of the town of Dillon.

On reaching Dillon, I stopped at the Corrienne Hotel, named from Corrienne, Utah, a famous shipping point before the railroad was constructed. The supplies at that time for different points in Montana had to be hauled by freight wagons a distance of 450 miles. The hotel was a rough, plain building, and had been associated with many mysterious and sensational events. If the gruesome history of this hotel could be made known it would make interesting reading.

While waiting for the stage I had the opportunity of looking about and becoming acquainted with the architecture of the average Western town. Frontier towns usually sprang up much like mushrooms in the night. Most of the dwellings and business houses were made of rough logs and unfinished lumber, with a square boarded front, extending as high as the roof would permit. This added dignity to the appearance of the buildings, which were erected with a view to being replaced by more substantial structures when fortune had

smiled more propitiously upon their owners.

The cowboys, as they made their appearance at different times during the day, were the life of the town. They wore broad-brimmed hats, leather chaps, red kerchiefs around their necks, and high-heeled boots with great spurs. Large revolvers were invariably a part of their equipment. They halted at the saloons to drink and to obtain a supply of liquor to take with them; and would often become so intoxicated they were unable to mount their broncoes. They could be seen staggering along the street and winding their way from one saloon to another, or heard making rude outcries.

Often they would ride through the streets like a band of Indians, yelling and putting the spurs to their horses, and apparently ready to shoot anyone who might cross their pathway or oppose them.

STAGE RIDE TO BANNACK

I was glad when the announcement was made that the stage was ready to leave for Bannack. It was the eleventh day since I took the train at my home city in Kentucky. There was one other passenger in the coach, a strange looking man. I soon learned

that he intended to try to conceal himself for a few days after reaching Bannack. He insisted on my not making known his identity.

A few minutes after we reached our destination he committed suicide by taking laudanum. There was much excitement when the news of his death was made known.

The same day a miner was found dead in his cabin, who from all appearances had taken his own life. Two days later I attended the double funeral of these men. Such was my introduction to the Wild West. After seeing so much ungodliness on every hand, I would have despaired of being able to live a Christian life in such a place, had it not been that I firmly believed the promises of God, who had said that He would never leave nor forsake me, and that His grace would be sufficient.

Sabbath desecration was another marked feature of early Western life, almost every one, without exception, seemed to be defiant of God's word and law. People took all kinds of liberties, simply because there was no power to restrain them.

There was not a person at Bannack with whom I could have Christian fellowship. The people had become so depraved that, with few

COWBOYS MOUNTING THEIR HORSES

exceptions, they would mock at God's word and laugh in derision at one who professed to have experimental religion. They predicted that it would not be long until I would be like others, attending balls, playing cards, breaking the Sabbath, etc. But the more I looked upon them in their revelry and lawlessness the greater was my aversion to such a life. Their consciences had become seared. Some of them had at one time known God and His power to save from sin, but they leaped over the precipice into the dark current, and in their recklessness were hastening to their doom.

They had no conviction of sin; they wanted money and a good time, and it did not matter much to them how they were obtained.

There were a number of town gossipers, who gathered at the post office, the bank exchange, or the store of general supplies, and talked over things new and old. There were certain ones among them who were looked to as a sort of bureau of information,—as Paul said, who "spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell, or to hear some new thing" (Acts 17:21). A statement was made by one of these persons that the measurement of the track of every woman who came to town was

taken, and therefore the size of her shoes was known. This may give some idea of the channel in which their thoughts ran.

Annoyed by reports of this character I often walked through the alleys instead of the streets. It was no uncommon thing to hear fathers teaching their children to use profane language and putting them up to things that would eventually lead them to acts of criminality. It seemed a hopeless task to go into the school room and try to undo the wrongs that parents had taught their children. In brooding over the situation my rest at night was often entirely broken, for in doing what I could against such things it seemed I was fighting a losing battle.

A SPECIAL CALL

When converted at the age of sixteen the Lord made it known that He wanted me to do a special work, but just where my field of labor was to be and how I was to enter it remained for the future to unfold. Three years later, when the opportunity presented itself, through the solicitation of an aunt, for me to go to Montana, I could see the hand of God in it and had the promise that as He was with Abraham so He would be

11 MOUNTAIN EXPRESS

with me. I did not know there was such a promise in the Bible as Genesis 12:1-2, until one night, while tarrying upon my knees until a late hour, I heard these words, "Now the Lord had said unto Abram, Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will shew thee. * * I will bless them that bless thee, and curse him that curseth thee." These words lingered with me, and I would often ask myself the question, Does God actually mean to bless them that bless me and to curse them that curse me? Knowing that His promises are conditional, I did all in my power to prove faithful and worthy of the calling.

Before leaving my home in Kentucky I had done my best to keep in touch with God and had the witness of His approval upon my Christian life, and He alone knew how fierce was the conflict and how great the victories won. I had ample opportunity to prove Isaiah 59:19, "When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him." While there was an inducement as a school teacher to go West, above all, the desire of my heart was to be a worker in the vineyard of the Lord, and as there was but

little opportunity afforded me at home, I was willing to undergo any sacrifice and suffer privation to find the place where He could use me.

He saw my purpose of heart, and as truly led me forth as He did Abraham. It is no small thing to be the object of God's favor and blessing. When Hannah was lifted out of the depths of humiliation in the gift of Samuel, she said, "Talk no more so exceeding proudly; let not arrogancy come out of your mouth: for the Lord is a God of knowledge, and by him actions are weighed. * * * The Lord killeth, and maketh alive: he bringeth down to the grave, and bringeth up. The Lord maketh poor, and maketh rich: he bringeth low, and lifteth up. * * He will keep the feet of his saints, and the wicked shall be silent in darkness; for by strength shall no man prevail."

As I tried from day to day to let my light shine, I found but little encouragement from any one. I knew that if God did not melt people's hearts, all of my efforts to lift up the Christian standard would be in vain. Against much ill will and opposition I opened the school daily with prayer and the reading of the Scrip-

tures. In doing this I was exceedingly blest and strengthened. I kept up this practice during the first term of school, but after two weeks of the second term had passed I received notice from the School Board, advising me to discontinue the devotional exercises, and was given to understand that if I proceeded it would result in the loss of my position.

I decided to drop the exercises for the rest of the term, but this was a sad mistake and caused me much sorrow and many regrets. While the Lord did not leave me, His Spirit was grieved. I promised never again to sacrifice my convictions, whatever the cost, and I kept my word. The School Board did not employ me again as they promised to do. I have no doubt now but that they would have done so if I had been true to my convictions and continued to read the Bible and pray at the opening of the school each day, as I should have done. It was a severe lesson and one that was never to be forgotten. I was without employment for months, when I secured another school in Beaverhead Valley.

Here I met many of the old settlers of Bannack. The school was only three and one half miles from Dillon, which made it possible

for me to attend the Sunday services at the Methodist Church. I have no remembrance of missing a meeting when I could attend. It was my purpose to serve God first, whatever the consequences might be. During my stay at Bannack I heard the history of nearly all the people of Beaverhead Valley, the most of whom had formerly lived at Bannack. I knew them almost as well as if I had been personally acquainted with them for years.

Some persons, I was told, had made fortunes by putting their own brands on other people's cattle, some had worked other dishonest schemes to accumulate wealth. I saw the sons and daughters of these parents looking over the list of leading taxpayers and boasting that their fathers' names were among them. Their highest ideal of life was to have plenty of money and a good time.

I found it utterly impossible to turn the thoughts of some of the young people in my school into the right channel. They had no conception of what constitutes liberty and true manhood.

I watched the young people of Beaverhead Valley grow up to the years of accountability and knew that, with few exceptions, they had

the wrong idea of life. They were chips off the old blocks and the Scriptures plainly state that the sins of the parents will be visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation.

In the early days of the Methodist Church of Dillon there were some signs of spiritual life, there were a few persons who had a desire to serve God. One woman, Mrs. S——, who lived a short distance from town, bore the fruit of the Spirit, but she was powerless to restrain her ungodly household, and God, seeing she was unable to stem the tide of opposition in her home and church, took her to heaven. After her decease the Methodists plunged into all kinds of worldliness. There were a few who made honest efforts to overcome the spirit of the world, but were eventually overpowered and gave up the fight.

An itinerant Methodist preacher Rev. Van O—, occasionally visited the town and community, and without a doubt he was a converted man; but the deadness of the church was too much for him, and he lost his influence for good among the people.

When I last saw him, it was at a Method-

ist Conference at Los Angeles, and oh, what a change! He had been promoted to the office of presiding elder, and the light was all gone from his face. His smiles and shouts of former years were gone, and he was a mere tool of old church apostasy, apparently unconscious of what he had lost.

Rev. R—, a presiding elder who visited the town and community once a quarter was a gifted speaker, and in many respects an interesting and agreeable man. But there were stories abroad in regard to his ill-treatment of his horses, and also of his various money-making schemes. I attended a revival meeting that he conducted at the Methodist Church, assisted by Rev. Van O—. Brother Van, as he was called, did most of the singing, exhorting and praying, and Rev. R—, the presiding elder, did the preaching. There were some conversions. This was my first opportunity to assist in revival work. When the preachers found that I would not refuse, if called upon to speak or pray, they did not miss an opportunity to press me into service.

On a certain evening I talked and prayed with a seeker, she was very much distressed and said that no one had been able to help her.

MINERS WASHING GOLD

My efforts were rewarded by seeing her clearly converted. A few weeks later she died a triumphant death. This encouraged me to press the battle, and if I had understood the faith life as I do now I should have resigned my position as school teacher and given all my time to the work of the Gospel. There never was a moment that I entertained a thought of turning back into the world. I had started to make the race to heaven and was determined to do so at any cost. I had been studying the Bible for a number of years and knew that the Calvary route was one of separation and loneliness, and I now felt this loneliness. There was a gulf fixed between me and most of the members of the Methodist Church, and it continued to widen.

They had erected a small church and most of the professed Christians in town attended their services. Later, an Episcopal church was built and quite a number drew away from the Methodists and went to it. Then began rival church fairs, suppers and teas. The Methodists plunged into these things and went to their full length, and of course the last vestige of spiritual life soon disappeared. The ministers that were sent to the charge fell in line

with them and tried to outdo their rivals.

For eight months I taught school in a district in the vicinity of Dillon, but continued to attend services at the Methodist church. Dillon was headquarters for all the school teachers in the county, with many of whom I was personally acquainted. Some of them were unbelievers, but regardless of this their services were greatly sought after by school boards. School teachers of this character, in company with members of the churches, were leaders of the public dances. Often grand balls would be given by the different lodges of the town, sanctioned and participated in by Episcopalians, and some of the Methodists. The profession of such persons I knew was a mockery in the sight of God, and I stood out alone against such hypocrisy. I longed to be where I could have true Christian fellowship.

TRAGEDIES NEAR DILLON

During the early years of my stay in Beaverhead Valley there were a number of tragical events, which were demoralizing in their effects on the public. A man was robbed and murdered between Glendale and Dillon. The snow was on the ground at the time the murder was committed and the murderer tried to

burn the body of his victim in the night. He succeeded in burning all but one limb. Day broke and he had to make his escape. This man was captured by an angry mob and hung in the doorway of the Dillon jail. This and other crimes prepared the soil in the hearts of the Dillonites in which the seed was sown for future outbreaks of lawlessness. It was several hours before the body was removed.

It is impossible to estimate the evil effect this act of criminality had upon the youths of the town.

The following is reprinted from the *Dillon Tribune,* of March 10, 1885.

"JESSRANG JERKED, HUNG BY MASKED MEN IN BEAVERHEAD COUNTY JAIL"

"While the resort to lynch law is regretted by all law-abiding citizens, the summary hanging of the wretched Jessrang will have a salutary effect in Beaverhead County. Since the days of the Vigilantes of Montana there has been committed within the limits of this county a large number of murders, and the murderers have not paid the penalty of their crimes. It is thought the late necktie tragedy will be a warning to murderers to go slow."

Lynching was thus publicly endorsed.

A few months later, while teaching a ranch

school near the roadside in the valley, a canvas-covered wagon passed. There were only two persons in the wagon; they looked out and bowed as they passed. This was on a Friday afternoon. Three hours later I reached Dildon. At the supper table of a private boarding house a strange man and woman sat opposite me. The man was middle-aged, while the young woman who accompanied him was but fifteen. She said her name was E— C—, and that she was the niece of the man, whose name was Lewis. She had long, beautiful hair, reaching nearly to the floor. They were traveling about the country giving cheap shows. The young woman claimed that he was taking her against her will to perform in the shows. This was the couple that had spoken to me a few hours before while passing the schoolhouse on the way. They camped on the outskirts of the town.

The young woman also told that Mr. Lewis had threatened her life. A few days later this man was seen carrying the young woman across a bridge with the top of her head shot off. He claimed she killed herself, but it was shown that the left hand barrel of the shotgun had been discharged and the man Lewis

HERD OF CATTLE IN THE WEST

was left-handed. But he was acquitted. On his release I remember his going rapidly toward a freight train that was just starting south. He leaped on the rear end of the caboose and was soon out of reach of mob violence.

Only lately the Lord has seen fit to bring this horrible crime to the minds of the inhabitants of Beaverhead Valley. Some persons who were grading a road found the body of the girl, and the whole story has been rehearsed in the papers.

There were other tragedies in and about Dillon during my stay there, the details of which I do not remember well enough to relate.

CHAPTER II

Further Labors on the Frontier

When leaving Kentucky for Montana I intended to return in two years. As the time drew near, I could scarcely wait. I left for home May 13, 1884, after an absence of a little more than two years. During this time I had tried to be faithful in holding up the standard of salvation, which caused hypocritical professors to despise and reproach me. But I was comforted by Luke 6:22-23, which says, "Blessed are ye, when men shall hate you, and when they shall separate you from their company, and shall reproach you, and cast out your name as evil, for the Son of man's sake. Rejoice ye in that day, and leap for joy: for, behold, your reward is great in heaven: for in the like manner did their fathers unto the prophets." Thus, in the midst of persecution, the word of God formed a panoply for my soul. God's love burned in my heart and He enabled me to keep my garments spotless.

I profited by the experience at Bannack

in many ways and thus the Lord turned what might have been a curse into a blessing. I wanted to be among the number of whom Jesus will say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things" (Matt. 25:21). It was no small undertaking to live a Christian life among a stiff-necked and rebellious people, but God's grace was sufficient, it enabled me to prove to them that the plan of salvation is a success anywhere.

After reaching home I found many changes had taken place. It did not seem like home and I felt that I was a pilgrim and a stranger on the earth.

The following year I attended the Female College at Millersburg, my home town. I had some trying experiences, but came out on the victory side. At the end of the school year I was definitely led to return to Montana, reaching there July 2, 1885. On my arrival at Dillon I found the Methodist Conference in session. The Lord had been wonderfully blessing my soul, and the opportunity was given me to testify before the ministers of the Conference, and I was rewarded by having my prayers answered and a way being opened for me to teach a summer school on a ranch. The ranch be-

longed to Mr. and Mrs. N— A—, who were old residents of Dillon. Mr. A— took delight in rehearsing thrilling stories of adventures with wild animals, Indians and desperate men on the frontier. He seemed to be acquainted with almost everybody in Southern Montana and hosts of others in adjoining states. Of course I heard the history of the pioneers, when it was not particularly interesting to me. But some things were fastened in my memory, never to be forgotten.

AN UNFORTUNATE DEED

There was a young man about twenty years of age, stopping at this ranch by the name of H— S—, who a short time before had come from Indiana. He had guns of almost every description, and other weapons of warfare, stacked up in his room. He seemed to think that it was necessary to have them to insure his safety in the Wild West. He listened to stories of adventure by the host until he was almost beside himself. Many times he became so excited it was alarming. There was nothing bad about the young man; he was kind in his treatment of every one and always ready to do a favor.

Some time later a quarrelsome neighbor came to the ranch and entered into a controversy with Mr. A—. Before they had come to a settlement, H— S—, under great excitement, seized a gun and shot the intruder in the back. The wounded man lived only a few minutes.

The seed had been sown in the young man's heart that caused him to commit the crime. He was tried and acquitted.

A short time afterwards, Mr. A—, the man who had told so many blood-curdling stories of frontier life, dropped dead while he was getting ready to go with his wife to the Methodist Church.

At the end of this term of school I went to Salt Lake City to teach in a Methodist Seminary. The months spent in Utah were of great profit to me. At the end of the school year I returned to Montana, but not until after all the schools in the county, with perhaps one exception had been taken. Only God could open a door for me, and this He did at Lima, a railroad town fifty miles south of Dillon.

Before beginning this school the Lord marvelously healed me of malarial fever and encouraged me in many ways.

AMERICAN BISON

At Lima the powers of darkness combined against me, they were enraged because I opened the school with prayer and the reading of the Scriptures. The enemy Satan used was the chairman of the school board, who stirred up the most ungodly element in the town to vote in favor of a man for school trustee who would oppose me and employ another teacher. But his scheme did not succeed, and in a most remarkable way God defeated all Satan's plans in the combination that had formed against me.

During the school year I made frequent trips to Dillon, and in this way kept in touch with things that were going on in and about the place. If I walked down the street all eyes were upon me and usually some remarks would be overheard about my Christian profession. It seemed my presence made people uncomfortable. There were times when, to avoid compromising, I had to rebuke those who claimed to be my friends. I was called "Old Christian;" some would say, "She is too good to live, she would better die and be done with it." Of course such remarks were not pleasant, especially when there was not one person with whom I could have true Christian fellowship.

At Lima I taught the children more than forty hymns, without molestation on the part of the Board of Trustees. I also prayed and read the Bible. After my experience at Bannack I determined to keep the smile of God upon me regardless of consequences.

I started a Sunday-school and had the Methodist minister from Dillon preach occasionally on week nights. Later, through his efforts, a Methodist church was built at Lima. Having gained a victory in the school election the Board very much desired my services the next year, but having other plans I declined.

Following the close of the school at Lima I taught a summer term at Red Rock, a station half way between Lima and Dillon.

In the fall I went to Denver, Colorado, feeling that if I ever returned to Montana it would not be as a school teacher, but as a missionary or preacher of the Gospel. The following December my marriage took place to Rev. Kent White, a ministerial student in the University of Denver. I had met Mr. White five years before at Bannack. I truly believed that, after years of waiting, God had ordered our union, and had no hesitancy in taking the

step. Five years as the wife of an itinerant Methodist preacher quickly passed, three years and a half of which I was almost an invalid. At last I was brought to the place where I realized that my affliction had been permitted for the purpose of bringing me to see the carnal nature in my own heart, and desire its destruction above all things. There was a gradual, yet sudden revelation of its presence. I saw its loathsomeness, and longed for purity of heart. I greatly desired the liberty of the Spirit, and had long been kept in unwilling bondage.

Two years before, for a time, I lingered on a sick bed between life and death.

During this time I had a definite call to preach the Gospel, but hesitated because of a feeling of unfitness. When life was almost despaired of and I realized there was no help but from above, my faith claimed the promise and the Lord raised me up, never to be the same person again. For nearly two years I battled against the powers of darkness and made every effort to keep from letting down the standard. The enemy often came in like a flood, but God's grace was sufficient even then to keep me from throwing up my confi-

dence. With no one to look to for spiritual help I was left to fight my battles alone and when I seemed to be going down into the fathomless depths of uncertainty I found my feet were suddenly placed on solid rock.

Through many and varied experiences I was finally led to the place where I was actually delivered from the carnal mind, and oh, what a flood of light penetrated the inner chambers of my soul. The blood was applied the second time and I was sanctified wholly. All doubts and fears were swept away. This was the 18th of March, 1893, fifteen years after my conversion. Nothing short of the actual experience will enable one to realize what it means to be delivered from the carnal mind. The mists and shadows that hang over a person in the justified state vanish like clouds from the top of a mountain.

After many hours of fasting and prayer and waiting upon the Lord, suddenly the change came. There was a complete transformation. My spiritual vision became clear, there was no difficulty in telling where others stood. With this new vision I could pierce to the depths of the carnal heart and locate false professors. I did not know how far

the churches had drifted from the old landmarks until after I was sanctified. I knew that the power that moves the universe, and which will bring all things into subjection to Christ, had taken possession of me and claimed my heart as the temple of the Holy Spirit. To be the temple of the living God was almost beyond my comprehension, yet I dared not doubt it, when His word plainly says, "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" (1 Cor. 3:16). And also, "What? know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own?" (1 Cor. 6:19). I had met the conditions and actually received the Holy Spirit, and had the assurance that from thenceforth I should have divine wisdom and help such as I had never before experienced. I lived every moment with a realization of God's actual presence in my heart, and while within myself I knew that I could do nothing, with Paul I could say, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

I could no longer enjoy the services in the M. E. Church, knowing how far they had drifted from New Testament principles.

SQUAW FROM LEMHI INDIAN RESERVATION

Three weeks after I was sanctified I sought definitely to be healed of physical ailments and was enabled to lay hold on the promises of God for deliverance. Every one who had known me marveled at the change. God's Spirit was manifested in our home, in the meetings and in fact everywhere I went. When special anointings came upon me to preach, space seemed to disappear and I felt as if I were in touch with the upper world. My hands often would be cold and circulation hindered, even the laws of gravitation seemed to have but little power over me.

Hard-hearted men and women were brought under conviction, and often yielded to God and obtained mercy.

Meanwhile the battles grew fiercer and the attacks of the enemy more violent. At times it was nothing less than a pitched battle, but I was brought out more than conqueror. I had my household duties and two children to care for, but did not permit my hands to be tied by these things and continued in active work. Persons would knock at the door before breakfast in the morning, desiring spiritual help. Often they had spent sleepless nights, and find-

ing no relief had come to be prayed with and instructed.

The holy fire spread over other states and many were inquiring the way of life.

After receiving the Holy Ghost the Lord gave me another definite call to Montana. I left the children at home in the care of their father, my mother and others. I was accompanied by my youngest brother, then a Methodist preacher in Colorado.

For more than a year, Ray, our youngest child had been sick. He had been given up a time or two by the physicians to die. But each time his life was spared in answer to prayer. For months he had been a constant care and often looked more like he was dead than alive. He was just beginning to recover from his long illness when God called me to make another trip to Montana. To leave him in care of others was almost like taking a mother's heart from her body, but the Lord had spoken and it would have been perilous to disobey. It was no more than He required of others, and why should I have any controversy.

A picture of lost souls at Bannack and Dillon was brought before me and I realized in

part what perdition would be for those who refused to accept the message.

Before leaving Kentucky the first time, as before stated, the Lord had said to me, "I will bless them that bless thee, and curse him that curseth thee." My work was not yet accomplished in Montana and there was still an opportunity for the people to accept Christ through the ministry of a child of God. In and about Dillon I had many relatives,—a brother, sister, aunts, nephews, nieces and cousins, and some time afterwards my father came, and later, a nephew, a son of my eldest sister, who had died some years before in the triumphs of the Christian faith. She left a husband, four sons and three daughters. She was not a Christian in name only, but had experimental religion, with a real heart interest in the spiritual welfare of her children, and believed that in some way God would take care of them. Her greatest struggle was to leave them in a godless world without a mother's care, but during her illness became perfectly submissive to the will of God. Before she passed away her face lighted up with the glory from the upper world. She had the assurance

that the Lord would undertake in behalf of her family.

My uncles and aunts, residing in and about Dillon, were brought up on my grandfather's farm near the Bethel M. E. Church in Lewis County, Kentucky. It was impossible for them to get away from their early Christian influences, and if God did not answer prayer it would be useless to advocate Bible salvation. The most of these relatives were apparently indifferent to their souls' salvation, but God reined some of them up and caused them to repent of their sins and change their ways of living.

DIFFICULTIES IN THE WAY

In preparing to leave Denver for this trip I had some very trying experiences. The enemy tried to hedge up the way of my brother's going, but we succeeded in getting off.

Somewhere in Wyoming our train came to a sudden standstill. There was much excitement over what might have been an awful collision. Our train had come within a few feet of colliding with a freight train on the main line. We thanked God and took courage knowing that He had spared our lives to min-

ister to the needs of the people of Dillon and Beaverhead County. I felt the responsibility of this trip and the importance of being true to kinsfolk and others. As I thought of the baby at home, at times the separation seemed almost unbearable. But God had promised that His grace should be sufficient, and I stood firmly on His word. He would not have required me to leave the children if there had not been great things involved. There are no great achievements without a corresponding sacrifice.

On reaching Dillon we met some of the members of the Methodist Church, the pastor being absent on a vacation. There were at least eighteen or twenty constituting the nucleus of the Church, who unanimously voted for us to hold a meeting for them. They had no idea their pastor would object, knowing that I was a Methodist and that my brother and husband were both members of the Colorado Conference in good standing. The members of the Church, however, were ignorant of the powers that swayed and ruled the Methodist Church, and at once wrote to their pastor and asked his consent. His reply was that it was not an opportune time for a revival in the

Church, and that he was not in favor of the meeting. Before his answer came, the Baptist preacher of Dillon was negotiating for union services, he wanted us to occupy his church a part of the time, but when he found the Methodist pastor was not favorable to the meetings, his attitude was entirely changed.

There was nothing else to do but to send for our Gospel tent and put it up for services. It was the latter part of September and the weather was likely to get cold at any time. But what else could we do, there was no church or other building to be secured and God had sent us. We wrote to Colorado for the tent and had it put up on the lot next to the Baptist Church. It was necessary to have stoves in order to keep comfortable. But the Lord honored our efforts; and gave us a wonderful meeting. People of all denominations in the town and country attended. Before many days the members of the Methodist Church had their eyes opened, many of whom I had known years before when I was a school teacher among them.

At one time eighteen leading Methodists, including nearly the entire officiary of the

Church were at the altar; some seeking sanctification, others to be reclaimed. Their pastor had returned and become so alarmed he was a regular attendant at the services. He made excuses for closing the church

BEAVERHEAD ROCK

door against us and tried to make the people believe that he was in sympathy with our preaching. But at heart, we knew that he was a bitter enemy. His own mother-in-law was among those who took an active part. She acknowledged that she had lost the joy

out of her soul and was an earnest seeker at the altar. She claimed to get sanctified, and a few weeks later died very suddenly.

Before opening the meeting we spent a few days at the home of my sister, Mrs. V. E. Metlen, on a ranch near Red Rock, where our eldest brother had been staying for some time. He was in a backslidden condition and we had prayed earnestly all the way from Denver for the Lord to touch his heart and bring him into the fold. He conversed freely on religious subjects, but showed no signs of repentance, and was planning to go on a long prospecting tour. It was sad to see him start on this journey and miss what might be his last opportunity of getting back to God. I followed him to the wagon with a Bible and two holiness books, and insisted on his reading them. He tried me with his indifference, saying that he would take them along, but did not expect to read them. To all appearances his case was hopeless. While he did not manifest a bad spirit, he drove away without as much as saying good-by.

For two or three days I prayed almost incessantly for him, asking the Lord to let something happen that would turn his face home-

ward, so he could attend the services. After the revival had gotten under headway he made his appearance, and admitted that he had been a Jonah and that he had had no peace of mind since the day he left. He also said that he and his partner had had a falling out, which was the immediate cause of his returning.

The same evening without having him in mind I took Jonah for my text, and he arrived in time to receive his portion. After attending two or three services he left for my brother-in-law's ranch, but God was on his track, and he found no rest until he prayed through and returned to tell what wonderful things the Lord had done for him. He testified as to how he had given up his tobacco and had received the joys of salvation.

An unsaved uncle living in the town opened his home and entertained us during the meeting. Before it closed he and other members of the family were seekers at the altar. In fact, the whole town was reined up and made to see what the consequences would be if they did not repent. The terrors of the law were thundered, and men and women were brought face to face with death, hell and the Judgment. The Spirit of God was brooding

over the place and mightily pleading with men. The things that were happening in the meeting were the subject of conversation everywhere. Many were getting their last call, especially the old-timers, but they hardened their hearts and avoided the issue.

The ministers did much to ease their consciences; their advice to their people was to not take the meetings too seriously, and in this way they checked the tide that was sweeping souls into the kingdom.

At the close of the tent meeting we organized a holiness band, consisting mostly of members of the Methodist Church. The meetings were conducted weekly, in homes of members of the band, and, in accordance with our advice, independent of the churches. This stirred up the preachers and the wild beasts determined to rend and devour the flock.

The Methodists especially were feeling keenly their loss and left no stone unturned to undo all the work we had accomplished in the place. Two years passed after unceasing and persistent efforts before they found a person (wolf in sheep's clothing) to accomplish their wicked design. Rev. E. G. Catermole was sent to the charge. He attended the cottage meet-

ings and succeeded in making members of the band believe that he would have holiness meetings at the Methodist church, and that they could have all the liberty they wanted there and continue to preach and teach as they had been doing, the only requirement being that they would allow the meetings to be under the supervision of the pastor. After unceasing efforts and many fair promises he succeeded in getting them to drop the cottage meetings and come to the church, where they believed, according to his word, notwithstanding that they had had many warnings, that no restraint would be put upon them and that they could go forth with the same freedom they had during the two previous years.

He captured the leaders of the band first and they persuaded the rest to take the advice of the pastor. After the first few services at the church, the Rev. Cat-or-Mole began to draw in the reins and the result was they were soon completely under his control. It was all done so quickly the members of the band scarcely realized what had taken place. They were neither allowed to lead the meetings nor to testify to the experience of holiness. Outsiders of course took sides with the preacher

and the result was a complete collapse of the work that had cost us so much to get started.

In the wake of these spiritual disasters came the judgments of God upon the town and surrounding country. But it was not until everybody had opportunity of taking sides for or against the truth. They deliberately chose their master. It was not long until there were rumors afloat of Mr. Catermole's unchristian and immoral conduct with women. The following was printed in the Dillon Tribune:—

A MAD METHODIST

Rev. Euster after the Scalps of Revs. Mills and Catermole

Rev. W. T. Euster, pastor of the First Methodist Church of Great Falls is on the warpath. He makes many charges against two Methodist ministers who are well known and highly esteemed in this city. Elder Mills has been known to the people of Beaverhead County for nearly twenty years. Rev. Catermole was pastor of Grace M. E. Church for several years and has a host of friends in Dillon and Beaverhead County. To friends of these men the charges of Mr. Euster seem ridiculous. The affair will be investigated at the next annual conference, which is to be held in Missoula.

In an interview, Euster said, the following charges presented by members of the Conference against Elder Mills will be presented to the Conference in August:

Corrupt Administration, Negligent Administration, Partisan Administration, Imprudent Conduct and Unchristian Conduct. The Rev. E. G. Catermole who succeeded me at Anaconda will be confronted with three charges: Corrupt Administration, Imprudent Conduct and Unchristian Conduct. All of these charges are abundantly substantiated and in preparing them no legal application has been overlooked. Neither of these gentlemen has either mental, moral or spiritual ability. Elder Mills is independently wealthy and has an ungodly ambition. He works by the power of money and wants to run the whole state. He hobnobs with rich men regardless of whether they are religious or not and is guided by them in the management of church work.

The charges against these men, the Tribune says "are ridiculous," and "they have a host of friends in Beaverhead County." It is the same old story, "Crucify Christ, and release unto us Barabbas."

While our tent meetings were in progress a well-known druggist was present for a few evenings. The last meeting he attended the subject was "The Rich Man in Hell," taken from Luke 16. This man, to all appearances, was under great conviction. I had known him for a number of years and had tried to induce him to give his heart to the Lord. When I

left the tent on this particular evening I told my brother that the druggist had received his last call.

A few weeks later this man while in good health, so far as any one knew, went out to bring in a bucket of coal. His wife wondering what kept him so long went to see and found him lying dead between the coal house and the back door.

CHAPTER III

My Mission to Montana

God's purpose in my going to Montana was similar to that of Moses when he was sent to deliver the children of Israel from Egyptian bondage. No doubt while preparing for the work, especially during the forty years he spent in the desert, he suffered many hardships and spent days and nights in prayer. God was preparing to give birth to a new nation in which His promise to Abraham was to be fulfilled. Moses, under most peculiar circumstances was chosen to be the leader of His people.

When he appeared before Pharaoh and asked him to let the children of Israel go and sacrifice to God, Pharaoh said, "Who is the Lord, that I should obey His voice to let Israel go? I know not the Lord, neither will I let Israel go" (Exodus 5:2). But in spite of all his efforts to hold them he had to submit to the fiat of the Almighty. The judgments of God broke his arm of power and left his kingdom in desolation. The scourge of death

passed over the land and the firstborn in every Egyptian home was slain. God's hand was so heavy upon him he was urged by his own people to let Israel go, lest they should all be dead men.

Plague after plague was sent upon Egypt,

BLUFF ON RIVER ROAD—BEAVERHEAD VALLEY

but Pharaoh continued to harden his heart. There were two mighty forces operating in the contest, but Omnipotence prevailed and a wonderful miracle was wrought, when two and a

half millions of people escaped from Egyptian bondage through a path in the sea.

The Egyptians were presumptuous enough to think that they could follow, but their chariot wheels dragged heavily through the sand. The Lord looked through the "pillar of fire" and troubled the host of the Egyptians, and took off their chariot wheels. They said, "Let us flee from the face of Israel; for the Lord fighteth for them against the Egyptians" (Ex. 14:25).

When the people of Dillon were shown the awful consequences of rejecting God, a few of them heeded the warning, and for a time their lives were changed. But most of the people of the town and valley treated the message with indifference and hostility. They were much like Pharaoh, they said, "Who is the Lord? We know not the Lord; we worship silver and gold, the gods of these mountains and valleys, and will not be disturbed."

But the same God that spoke through Moses and through Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, was speaking to them through lips of clay, and they knew Him not. They lifted up their arms of rebellion against Him and suffered the awful consequences. Oh that men could know the day of their visitation and the

power of Omnipotence that would save them if they would only meet the conditions! With Him there is no variableness nor shadow of turning. When He speaks He must be obeyed and every tongue put to silence.

He is tender and compassionate with those who heed His voice, but terrible are His judgments upon a rebellious and stiff-necked people.

There were more than a score of my own relatives in and about Dillon who were the subjects of many prayers. To be true to His word God must answer prayer, and it often has to be done through judgments. He plagued Egypt, and it is not strange that His wrath should be visited upon a modern city, where His word had been scorned and His messengers rejected. Those who will not accept mercy must suffer His judgments. The Psalmist said, "He will not always chide: neither will he keep his anger forever." The time comes when His wrath will be turned aside, but not until after He has accomplished His purpose.

Moses continued His visits to Pharaoh in behalf of the children of Israel, but the heart of the idolatrous king became more and more hardened, and so it was with the people of this little city in Beaverhead Valley, with perhaps

less than two thousand inhabitants. There was great destruction in the wake of the plagues in Egypt, so much so that the people of many centuries have profited by the history of the things that took place.

Coming generations will read this book and profit by the rod of correction that was laid upon a people that refused to hear those who went to them with a message from the Lord.

Considering the population, the scourge of death has been far greater than it was when the firstborn of the Egyptians were smitten in Egypt.

To say that God's hand has not been upon the people of Beaverhead County of Southern Montana during the past few years would be to deny His existence and to make prayer and the Bible a farce.

The writer has made so many trips to that section of the country, the route has become as familiar as the road leading to her home town. In each one of these visits the Lord has had a specific purpose. To some a quarter of a century might seem to be a long time, but with Him it is only a passing moment.

At the close of the meeting held in the tent at Dillon, my father, at the age of seventy, ar-

SCENE IN THE MONTANA MOUNTAINS

rived from Kentucky. He had always been an orthodox believer and years before was converted in Lewis County, Kentucky. In Montana he was apparently unable to stem the tide of indifference and worldliness in the church, and lost his grip on spiritual things. He was the subject of many earnest prayers, lest he might die unprepared. There were times when I had real travail of soul for him and I prayed that he might be saved at any cost. The assurance was received that if I was faithful my father would be brought into the fold. In due time the Lord brought him to our Training School at Denver, where he was reclaimed.

After spending three years with us, he departed this life, November 19th, 1907, in his 83d year. The following account of his death written by my brother, Rev. C. W. Bridwell, was published in the December 4th issue of the *Pillar of Fire*.

"GRANDPA" BRIDWELL TRANSLATED

"My father, William Moncure Bridwell, has just been called from earth to heaven, and our hearts are left in loneliness as we sit in silence and long to hear his on-coming footfalls. He has gone from us, not as the birds

go away in autumn to return again in spring; not as the ship goes over the sea to return again after a pleasant voyage; but he has gone to return no more forever. He has made a voyage on the sea that sends back no passengers, but blessed be God, he has gone with a Captain who has never lost one, and he has reached the eternal harbor where ships go out no more! We thank God for a land where there are no more storms and shadows and sunsets, where sickness and sorrow never come and where 'no grave digger's spade shall ever cleave the sides of those eternal hills,' and whose guests are kings and priests to God forever.

"Father was born in Virginia, April 16, 1825, and departed this life in Denver, Nov. 19, 1907, having lived more than twelve years beyond man's allotted time. The greater portion of his life was spent in Kentucky, where with my mother, Mary A. Bridwell, he labored hard, passing through the struggles of the Civil War, and reared a large family of children; nine are still living, among whom are Mrs. Alma White and the writer. Twelve years ago he went to Montana to live with a married daughter and remained there until about three years ago, when he came to

Denver, and has since been living in the Bible School. Here God has made him a special blessing to all the students and workers. He was a great lover of children, and the young people were drawn to him naturally and made him their friend—his grandchildren especially will miss him, among them my own two little ones to whom he was strongly attached.

"We had no idea that his end was so near at hand. He had contracted a severe cold about two weeks before, which settled on his lungs; through careful nursing, a hopeful crisis was reached and he became convalescent. None of us anticipated any serious results until Sunday morning, when we found that there had been a relapse. As some of us gathered around his bedside for a season of prayer, the thought swept over the writer with startling effect that Father was not long for this world. We saw that he was gradually growing weaker. The end came on Tuesday morning when his heart ceased to beat, and his soul went home to be forever with the Lord.

HIS PREPARATION

"Father was converted when a young man and knew something of the life and power that characterized Methodism in that day. Owing

MAIN STREET, DILLON, MONTANA

to the many evil surroundings and to the fact that he had very little Christian help, his early Christian life was vacillating. Still there was generally a family altar in the home and the children were brought up to fear God and keep His commandments. From his earliest childhood, my father believed the Bible to be the inspired word of God and never failed to express himself as to the eternal verities of the Christian faith. He taught his children that to commit sin is to take the track that leads to despair and death. As a father he was always affectionate and did his best to instill in his children the principles of integrity, honesty and benevolence. No one was ever turned away from his door having been refused hospitality. While holding revival meetings in Montana it was our privilege to see him renew his covenant with the Lord and to enter again with renewed energy into His service.

"He came, in the providence of God, to the Bible School, and while receiving much soul help, he was made a great blessing to the rest of us. As the months passed by, we saw him ripening for the spirit world. Frequently he would write a brief article on some religious subject and hand it to us for inspection; we

have a number of them that have not been printed which we may some time publish. During his last hours he had an increasing desire to depart and be with Christ, and when we would express our unwillingness to see him go, he never failed to encourage us and to cheer our hearts with the wonderful prospects he held in view.

"During all of the last night we remained by his bedside singing, praying and conversing with him and doing what we could to minister to his needs. At times he seemed to suffer greatly, but he told us that if he was suffering he did not know it. Never before did the Lord seem so precious to me as when we sat by his bedside and saw the life forces ebb away. About midnight, as we prayed we felt a crisis was coming; suddenly calling me to his bed, he told me his limbs were getting cold. We called in other members of the family and with them gathered around him and sang and prayed and shouted until he had crossed over. Never shall I forget these hours of waiting when the very doors and windows of heaven were opened above us and the gates of pearl were almost in view. As we sang some familiar hymn, my father's face would light up, and as long as he

was able, hallelujahs broke forth from his lips; then when he was too weak to talk, he would wave his handkerchief and in other ways express his triumph. About two weeks before, Mrs. White had written a song, entitled, 'The Sky is Clear Above,' which the Lord had designed for this occasion:

'The sky is clear above me, my path is shining bright,
While trusting in my Savior, He gives me wondrous light;
No more the mists and shadows are hanging o'er my way,
Where Beulah's sun is shining, the shadows flee away.

Chorus:

'The angel bands are coming, I hear them far away,
To take me to that city, where all is perfect day;
The sky is clear above me—I hear their harps of gold—
I soon shall join their number and see the gates unfold.

'My heart is light as springtime, the sky is clear above,
My days are full of sunshine, I'm resting in His love;
All nature sings His praises, since in my heart He lives,
And peace that passeth knowledge, to me He ever gives.

'I heard the old, old story, how Jesus saves from sin,
When all I yielded to Him, the light came streaming in;
I knew not how to love Him, my heart was dark and cold,
Until I heard the story the prophets long foretold.

'I know a band of angels to earth will wing their flight,
And take me to that city where Jesus is the light;
He promised to be with me until this life is o'er,
And then beyond the portals I'll dwell forever more.'

"As we sang over and over the verses of this song, his imprisoned soul appeared to catch visions of the heavenly city, and as we repeated the chorus, he evidently saw and realized the presence of the angels in a deeper sense than the rest of us possibly could. At one time he reached out his hand as if he had gotten a glimpse of departed loved ones, or a convoy of angels. While singing another hymn about 'Going Home,' he glanced at the nurse and asked her if she was going too, and about the last words he spoke to the writer were,

'LET'S GO HOME.'

"How blessed it is to realize that our real life begins at death and our real home is not earth, but heaven! A number of times he took

our hands and said we would meet again in the long tomorrow and live together forever. He remained conscious to the very end. The final moment came and he breathed his last,—we saw not the angels, neither did we hear the rustle of their wings, yet we were conscious that they were there and that his immortal spirit was being carried by them to the city of God.

"We laid his body to rest in Fairmount Cemetery to await the arch-angel's trump, when the corruptible bodies of those who sleep in Jesus shall be changed and made like unto His own glorious body. There is no significance to the Gospel if the resurrection be eliminated. The New Testament is luminous with this glorious hope and affords the child of God comfort in the darkest hour. The body is to be raised incorruptible, and 'it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we shall be like him.' The glorified body will not be subject to disease and decay, but will flourish in immortal youth. Sorrow and care that have sat on the shoulders, bowing the form down to the earth, will have no place in the resurrection. 'It doth not yet appear what we shall be,' but with a glorified body the soul shall sweep on and on

in its tireless flight, keeping pace with the eternal years of God. The curse of sin shall have been forever lifted and all earthly restrictions and limitations will be gone forever. We have read of the white albatross of the Southern Pacific Ocean which has the power to float on the air for one solid week without perceptibly moving its pinions. On and on she goes, sail- the upper deep, impelled by a strange power within. This is a faint picture of the onward trend and upward sweep of the soul as it enters upon immortality. Reader, the time is not far distant when we shall be called to another world. If this life has been a preparation for the departure, then death will be the beginning of an endless triumph.

'On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.'

May God grant that it may be so."

CHAPTER IV

The Lamont Tragedy

In the spring of 1895, following the tent meeting held the previous fall, the whole country was stirred over the Durant murder case in San Francisco. The body of Blanch Lamont was found in the tower of a Baptist church. The news of the murder was heralded around the world as one of the most sensational tragedies on record.

Blanch was the daughter of David Lamont of Dillon, who died suddenly about three years previous to her death. I was acquainted with him before he brought his family to Montana. He was superintendent of the Methodist Sunday-school. I supposed he was a converted man, but he left the Methodist Church and helped to organize a Presbyterian Church. There were only a few persons in the place that were interested in spiritual things, and certainly not enough to divide up into different factions. His family seemed to be the leaders in this move at that time. To all appearances, the Methodist Church was too

CHURCHES OF DILLON

EPISCOPAL METHODIST

BAPTIST PRESBYTERIAN

humble a place for them. They needed more room for the display of worldliness and pride. Every member of his family, including relatives, was utterly ignorant of salvation. They wanted to be leaders in society, and while they had but little of this world's goods they made a desperate struggle to keep up appearances.

I knew a family of this character in my girlhood days in Kentucky. They were great church folk, but pride, like a cancer, gnawed at the vitals of their lives and defeated all good that they might have accomplished. Jesus said, "Every one that exalteth himself shall be abased," and truly God's word has never failed. "The proud he knoweth afar off."

Mr. Lamont was a sociable, congenial man, and was capable of doing much good in any community. He served in the Civil War, and no doubt at one time had salvation. He worked hard to make a living for his family, and to keep up their social standing. At the time of his death he was postmaster at Dillon.

At the time of our Gospel meeting, his daughter Blanch had just recovered from a spell of fever in which her life had been almost despaired of, but she and other members of the

family, living only a short distance from the scene, failed to make their appearance. Evidently it was pride that kept them away and if they had yielded to the solicitation of the Holy Spirit, Blanch would have never made the trip to California which resulted in such a shameful and tragical death.

The following appeared in the *Dillon Examiner,* of April 17th, 1895.

FOULLY MURDERED. BLANCH LAMONT'S BODY DISCOVERED IN THE TOWER OF THE IMMANUEL BAPTIST CHURCH. A MOST REVOLTING CRIME.

The mystery connected with the disappearance of Miss Blanch Lamont from the house of her aunt, Mrs. Dr. Nobles, of San Francisco was cleared up on Easter Sunday by the discovery of her body in the Immanuel Baptist Church in San Francisco.

Miss Lamont was last seen two weeks ago to-day, but her mother in this city (Dillon) was not notified until a week ago to-day. This Immanuel Baptist Church has been the scene of two of the most atrocious murders ever committed in the state. Saturday the mutilated body of Minnie Williams was found in the office of the library. Sunday the body of Blanch Lamont was found in the tower of the same church. * * * W. H. Durant, Librarian of the church and Secretary of the Young People's Society of the church, also Assistant Superintendent of the Sunday-

school, is suspected of both crimes. Miss Lamont disappeared April 3d. * * * She came from Dillon, Montana several months ago, having been sent to San Francisco for her health and at the same time to attend the Normal School to equip herself as a teacher.

On making a thorough search of Immanuel Church the * * * body of Miss Lamont was found concealed in the steeple. Death had been caused by strangulation. The body was lying just inside the door of the tower room. * * Around the neck were streaks, the marks of fingers that had been pressed deep into the tender flesh. The features were badly distorted, the mouth being drawn down at one corner and the lips swollen and blood-stained. The nose was the only feature that retained its original shape. * * The girl's light brown hair was matted with dirt and hung loosely about her shoulders. The body was in the first stages of decomposition.

The following are comments taken from the *Dillon Tribune.*

Miss Blanch Lamont, the news of whose foul murder is so deeply agitating this community has been a resident of this city for fourteen years. * * * She was born in Rockford, Ill., twenty-one years ago. She was the daughter of Captain David Lamont, postmaster of this city at the time of his death nearly two years ago. She was unusually bright and attractive, a great favorite in social and religious circles, a member of the Episcopal Church. * * * The remains will be shipped to Dillon for interment and will be received

by a delegation of the Masonic Lodge. * * * The funeral will be the largest and most impressive ever held in this city.

Editorial Comment of *The Examiner.*

A HORRIBLE TRAGEDY

This community is profoundly shocked by the news of the crime whose horrors have seldom been surpassed in the history of the civilized world. Miss Blanch Lamont, the young lady, pure and noble in mind, of amiable disposition and spotless character, and endowed by her Creator of every other attribute that commends the respect and friendship of those by whom she was known, has been made the victim * * * of as black a monster in human form as the annals of crime has any record of.

Why should the victim of this tragedy be from Dillon, Montana? Why should the faces of the friends and acquaintances of this fair young woman be blanched with horror at the details of her untimely death? The answer is apparent. The innocent suffered for the guilty. God had a purpose in it. The scripture says, "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man (or town) soweth, that shall he (or it) also reap."

The town of Dillon sowed the seed of lawlessness and murder, and a harvest must follow. Parents often have the fairest

one of the household snatched away in order to bring them face to face with God, who is merciful enough to give them a chance to escape the fires of perdition by visiting them with judgments. This is His last recourse after they have broken His laws and trampled His word under their feet.

The writer knew Doctor and Mrs. Nobles, the uncle and aunt of Miss Lamont, when they resided at Dillon. They were intensely devoted to the Baptist creed and helped to build the Baptist church at Dillon. They seemed to be totally ignorant of real salvation, and the Baptist creed was to all appearances their god. The worship of this creed was no doubt the direct cause of their niece's being thrown into the company of a murderer, who occupied at least three different official positions in the church of their choice.

Another member of the Lamont family came to a sad end, about September, 1904. The following is an account taken from the *Dillon Tribune,* September 2d.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT TO DILLON BOY AT LAKE VIEW YESTERDAY. ROGER LAMONT SHOT IN BREAST

The news was telephoned to Dillon yesterday

MAKING HAY NEAR DILLON

afternoon about 5 o'clock that Roger Lamont was probably fatally shot at Lake View. With Harry Graves and Wilbur Gilbert he left Dillon about two weeks ago for a trip through the National Park and the party was just returning. Few particulars were phoned to the family here. About all that could be learned was that he was shot through the right breast with a 44 calibre revolver, and that it took Harry Graves two hours to ride in to Monida from the place where the accident occurred that he might notify the family. Mrs. Lamont and Miss Grace Lamont, B. M. Stephenson, and Dr. Poindexter, took last evening's train to Monida.

LATER

A telephone message this afternoon from Monida says that relatives, Drs. Poindexter and Stephenson, had arrived at the bedside of the wounded boy. * * * When the messenger left Lake View all hope of his recovery had been given up.

In a later issue an account is given as to how the accident occurred.

The three young men, Roger Lamont, Harry Graves and Wilbur Gilbert were returning from a trip through the National Park. Thursday afternoon they passed the Blake home and when about a quarter of a mile past the house toward Monida, Roger leaned over to look out behind the wagon. The revolver, a 44 calibre Smith & Wesson, which he was carrying in a holster, dropped from the holster and in falling was discharged by striking the side of the wagon bed.

The ball severed one of the lines, just in front of Wilbur Gilbert's thumb, and entered Roger's right breast just beneath the right shoulder blade. The wounded boy turned and asked each of his companions if they were shot, and they told him they were not. Then one of the boys asked him how about himself, and he answered "Yes, I am shot through the lung." The team was quickly turned and he was taken to Mr. Blake's house. Harry Graves mounted a horse and rode to Monida, a distance of twenty-four miles in two hours, where he telephoned the news of the accident to Dillon. * * * The body was brought to Dillon Friday night and the funeral took place from the home Sunday afternoon at 2:30. * * The many seats placed on the lawn were filled and hundreds of sighing friends stood round about. * * * The bier of the young and loved deceased was followed to Mountain View Cemetery by a procession of sorrowing and sympathetic friends, half a mile long. * * * Roger Lamont was born in Dillon and was seventeen years old at the time of his death. * * * The sadness which his untimely death brings upon the family who has suffered more than its share of sadness touches the hearts of all and the bereaved family has the deepest sympathy.

Harry Graves, the young man mentioned above, is the son of Fielding Graves of Bannack, who was a member of the infidel board of trustees who refused to permit the writer to read the Bible in the opening

exercises of the school, an account of which is given in Looking Back from Beulah. Clay Graves, the uncle of Harry, was killed by the discharge of his gun falling out of the buggy into the road while he was carrying a bag of gold dust, in company with Gus Graeter, an old-timer, from Bannack to Dillon.

The Psalmist said, "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord," but nowhere do we find that the steps of the wicked are ordered by Him, or that they will be protected in their undertakings. "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them" (Psalm 34:7).

Fielding Graves, the father of Harry, was a tall, slender, delicate man, with piercing, black eyes. He had a store of general merchandise at Bannack and was a member of the School Board when the writer taught at that place. His aversion to God's word was well known. He was the principal factor in opposing my opening the school with devotional exercises, and employed another teacher, after promising the school to me.

His wife used to tell me with tears in her eyes that her husband was very exacting and

hard to get along with, and the only way that she could live with him was to submit to his dictation and decisions in everything. I looked upon his little children, among whom was Harry, as they romped and played, and wondered if they would ever come to any good, knowing that the Bible says that the sins of the parents are visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation.

CHAPTER V

The Deaths of Some Old-Timers

The following are some of the events that have occurred in and about Dillon as related in part by one who has been a resident of Beaverhead County for many years.

Joe Crow, after helping his wife with some domestic work, walked over to a lumber yard and fell under a stroke of paralysis and died within three hours. This man left a wife and children in the East and came to Montana and married again, after which he took a trip back to his old home and introduced his second companion to his first wife, the mother of his children. She was so stricken with grief and astonishment she almost collapsed. After Mr. Crow's death, wife number two, while attempting to law the property away from the rightful heirs, was stricken with total blindness. She is now looking in vain to Christian Science and other kindred heresies in hope of recovering her sight.

Mark 10:11 says, "Whosoever shall put

IN THE ROCKIES

away his wife, and marry another, committeth adultery against her." The divorce evil is rapidly increasing in the land. The displeasure of God is upon any one that marries another while the former companion is living, whatever may have been the grounds for separation. Divorced and remarried people are enemies of the Cross, and the children of parents living in unholy marriage bonds will have to suffer for the guilty unless mercy intervenes. Exodus 20:5 says, "I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me."

The scriptures on divorce and remarriage are plain. The seventh chapter of Romans leaves no room for controversy. People who are divorced and remarried are living in adultery and God's judgments are sure to fall upon them.

Dillon Tribune.

S. V. Nielsen, a prominent tailor, was struck by an engine of the Irish mail near Herman's brickyard. * * * His left shoulder was horribly mangled and several of his ribs broken. Early Wednesday morning he died. Nielsen was 66 years old and had resided at Dillon for a number of years. The inquest was held over the remains before acting Coroner

Holden. In the verdict the jury exonerated the railroad company from all blame.

Philip Shenon an old resident of Beaverhead County died after a brief illness. He was a wealthy cattleman, much older than his young wife, whom, it was commonly reported, was forced by her parents, to marry him for his money. He separated from her and married again. The following is an account of his death, from the *Dillon Tribune,* Jan. 2d, 1903.

Phil Shenon a pioneer of Montana died * * * Wednesday of this week, aged about 70 years. Mr. Shenon was thrown from a wagon recently while pitching hay and sustained a dangerous strangulated rupture. An operation was performed and the injured man was apparently doing all right when complications developed and he died.

He came to Bannack in the early sixties and was engaged in mining and ranching for a number of years. * * * His estate is supposed to be worth a hundred thousand. He is survived by a wife and two children. * * * Mr. Shenon's first wife was Miss Mattie Z. Mulkey, from whom he was divorced a number of years ago, and she later married Mr. Farrington and now resides in California. She still owns a ranch on Red Rock.

Charles Bliven was shot and killed in his saloon. He said that he did not like the saloon

business, that he had been brought up differently, but had no other way to make a living.

James Eddy and wife started to Scotland on a visit. He died suddenly in New York. The wife brought the body back to Dillon to be buried. This couple let old George Brown, a noted drunkard, make drunkards out of all their children and teach them profanity. Brown was the rich uncle of the children, and the parents would not protest lest the boys should be cut out of his will. Four of these young men died within a few months of one another. The widow was left in poor health with two children, one an imbecile,—plenty of wealth, but not able to enjoy it.

Dick Reynolds, a well known ranchman living near Dillon, was thrown from a buggy and fatally injured. His first wife was a prominent church worker, and preachers were often entertained at their home. The writer visited their home and gave her testimony as to what the Lord had done for her, but found it difficult to interest Mr. Reynolds in the subject of salvation. He was very self-righteous. He was hospitable, but this an infidel could be if he were so disposed. The preachers enjoyed his hospitality, but let

FLUME NEAR DILLON

him slip through their fingers into perdition. I was told that his second wife was a skeptic. No Christian would yoke up with an unbeliever. From the information I could get from some of his friends, Mr. Reynolds idolized horses. He took much pleasure in a fast, well-groomed team. It was while driving a team of this kind that the accident occurred which proved fatal. The horses were making a sharp turn in the road and threw him out. Duke Davis, a nephew of the writer, helped to carry him into the home of J. E. Morris after the accident occurred. The following account given in the *Tribune* is deserving of comment. No doubt that Mr. Reynolds was an honest business man and worthy of any good that might be said of him in this respect, but to give a person a passport to heaven simply because he has many friends and worldly admirers, is directly contrary to the teachings of God's word.

Dillon Tribune, Jan. 15, 1904.

R. A. REYNOLDS WAS DRIVING TOWARD HOME WHEN THE SHOCK (PARALYSIS) CAME UPON HIM

His Wife Was Waiting for Him at Her Sister's When She Saw the Horse Pass

While R. A. Reynolds was driving up Idaho street Tuesday morning, near the school house, he

was stricken with paralysis, and losing control of his team it began to run. * * * The carriage struck a telephone pole and Mr. Reynolds was thrown out, although not with much force. The team broke away from the rig, and one horse went home to the ranch, while the other was captured near Mountain View Cemetery. Several people living in that neighborhood * * * hurried to the assistance of the unfortunate man. When they arrived Mr. Reynolds was unconscious and said something about the horses not being at fault and that he could not see where they were going, meaning that the stroke of paralysis caused him to lose control of the reins. A man named Dolby saw Mr. Reynolds leaning toward the outside of the carriage as the horses charged up the street. * * * Mrs. Reynolds who had been waiting for him at H. W. Weeninks, recognizing one of the runaway horses, started at once to find her husband. She got to Mr. M——s' just as the party with Mr. Reynolds drove up. He lived from Wednesday until Saturday.

The funeral services of "Uncle Dick," as he was familiarly known by every one, were conducted in the Methodist Episcopal church, of which he was a member. The church was packed to overflowing by the admiring and sad-hearted friends who wished to pay a last tribute to him. The body was taken to the lecture room of the church at 10 o'clock in the morning and there lay in state until 1 o'clock p. m., or the hour of the funeral, and during that space of time hundreds visited the church to take a last look at all that was mortal of "Uncle Dick." The casket was

almost hidden from view by the loads of fragrant flowers and wreaths, the loving offerings of friends. The whole front of the church altar was one bank of floral offerings. He was a member of the Methodist Church and a constant attendant at the services, and always had his regular seat near the choir. This seat was draped in white and unoccupied during the funeral services. The services were conducted by the Rev. A. A. Luce. Dr. Martin of the Presbyterian Church led in prayer and Rev. Stephens, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Twin Bridges, read several passages of scripture. Rev. R. P. Smith of Helena and Rev. J. W. Tate of Butte, both former pastors of the Methodist Church here, followed with short talks paying tribute to the model life of the deceased, in which they referred to the good example of true manhood, Christian fortitude, patience in affliction and trust in God over all, which will live on as a monument in the memories of the people here. * * * "Uncle Dick," was truly a good man, if he had a single enemy among his host of acquaintances, no one ever heard of it. Our community was enriched by his honest life and square dealings with his fellowmen. In the course of his remarks, Rev. Smith truly said, "As England points with pride to the life of Gladstone, and as the United States looks with reverence upon the life of the great Lincoln, just so does Beaverhead County hold sacred the life of Richard A. Reynolds. He came here a poor man and ere his death had become one of our richest ranchers and stockmen, yet every dollar was made

honestly and squarely. * * * Interment was in the Poindexter Cemetery to which spot one of the longest funeral processions ever seen in this valley wended its way.

Knowing his beautiful life and unwavering trust in God those who looked upon his lifeless form for the last time on Monday, did so with sorrowful hearts, but with the thought—

"How sweet his sleep where all is peace,
Where sorrow cannot reach his breast;
Where all life's idle throbbings cease,
And pain is lulled to rest—
Such balmy rest, where, peril past,
The weary wins a deep repose,
And the bruised spirit finds at last
A cure for all its woes.
How sweet that deep repose to gain,
And slumber in that deathless sleep,
From which he'll never wake to pain,
And never rise to weep;
For he's won his way thro' the tempest's roar,
And laid him down on the golden shore."

The funeral was held in the Methodist church which was packed to overflowing by the admiring and sad-hearted friends. Hundreds visited the church to take a last look at all that was mortal of "Uncle Dick."

According to this, Mr. Reynolds was quite

popular, not only with Methodists but with people of all denominations. The Calvary route is not a popular way, people who take this way are despised and set at nought by the world. Jesus said to His disciples, "If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me before it hated you. If ye were of the world, the world would love his own: but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you" (John 15:18-19).

"The casket was almost hidden from view by the loads of fragrant flowers and wreaths—the loving offerings of friends. The whole front of the church altar was one bank of floral offerings." Any person with salvation knows that saints are not buried in this way. The very presence of this bank of flowers is sufficient evidence that people of the world were his friends. The scripture says, "The friendship of the world is enmity with God." Surely the devil smiled when it took five ministers to conduct the service. The scripture says, "Let the dead bury their dead," and this time they conformed to the word of God. These minis-

ters were spiritually dead, some of whom I knew personally. J. W. Tate, was the identical pastor who closed his church against the writer and her brother, which resulted in our holding a tent meeting in the town.

They said "Uncle Dick" truly was a good man, "if he had a single enemy, no one ever heard of it." The Word says, "Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you! for so did their fathers to the false prophets." "Our community was enriched by his honest life and square dealings with his fellow men."

"The moral man came to the judgment,
But his self-righteous rags would not do,
The men who had crucified Jesus,
Had passed off as moral men too.
The souls that had put off salvation,—
'Not tonight; I'll get saved by and by,
No time now to think of religion!'
At last they had found time to die.

"And Oh, what a weeping and wailing,
When the lost ones were told of their fate;
They cried for the rocks and the mountains,
They prayed, but their prayer was too late."

Rev. Smith certainly was stretching his imagination when he made the comparison between Mr. Reynolds and Gladstone. It

shows the extremes to which a so-called minister of the Gospel will go when he no longer seeks the approval of God, and his only ambition is to please men. He capped the climax when he said that Reynolds came there a poor man, but had become one of their richest ranchers and stockmen. Jesus said, "Again I say unto you, It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God." How could these ministers preach this man into heaven and comment upon his riches in the face of this scripture, and many other passages in regard to riches that are even stronger? "Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are motheaten. Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire."

I was acquainted with the religious history of Dillon for twenty-one years previous to the death of Mr. Reynolds, and never knew until I read the account of his funeral that he even made a profession of Christianity.

Dave Rinehart died suddenly at Dillon,

A CAMP IN THE MOUNTAINS

being sick only a few hours. He figured conspicuously in politics and was once the Sheriff of Beaverhead County.

John Yoe, one of Dillon's popular young men, who often expressed himself as having no use for religion, was found dead in his room. He married Miss Anna Carter, an infidel school teacher. She and her sister Mary, also a school teacher with a great aversion to Christianity, were habitual card players, yet they were popular in the social and religious circles of Dillon. The members of the Methodist Church had no hesitation in putting their children under the tutorship of these women.

Dr. Pickman, a popular physician of the town, wished while suffering that Jesus Christ had his sore foot. The Episcopal Church has a memorial window in honor of him. Dr. Larson, Earl Martin, John Hershman and Earl Conger, all died yearning for spiritual help. Some of their people were greatly opposed to the cottage prayer meetings held at Dillon.

Mrs. Gray died suddenly after cooking a Sunday dinner for company. Her husband, Robert Gray, was one of the members of the noted school board, who refused to let the writer read the Scriptures in the opening

exercises of the school. He would take his children to the public balls and dance all night. He hated anyone with salvation. Mrs. Gray arose on Sunday morning and went about her household duties. At 11 o'clock she was stricken with paralysis. At 2 o'clock she sank into a deep sleep and never rallied to speak to or recognize her children or friends.

Mr. L. Hanson shot himself near Dillon over family troubles. The following account of his death was given in the *Dillon Tribune,* Nov. 27th, 1903.

Dillon was shocked last Saturday by the news being brought to town that Lars Hanson living two miles northwest of the city had been found dead in his house with the whole top of his head blown off. The gruesome discovery was made by Mr. Charles Peterson of Bannack, who was in Dillon that day and had gone out to Mr. Hanson's residence to get a horse. * * * Mr. Peterson arrived there about 11 o'clock and could find no one about the place, and no answer came to his knocking at the front door. He went to the pasture and got the horse, brought it to the house and tied it. Then went to the kitchen door to put a note under the door, from Mr. Mud to Mr. Hanson, asking him to let Mr. Peterson take the horse. When Peterson touched the door it swung open revealing the ghastly sight of the deceased upon

the floor with fully half of his head missing, and a double barrelled shotgun lying close by.

J. F. Bishop was just passing the house while Mr. Peterson was tying the horse, and when the discovery was made by Mr. Peterson he quickly mounted his horse and rode after Mr. Bishop who remained at the house, while Mr. Peterson went to town after the coroner, Dr. Walker.

To all appearances, Mr. Hanson was the victim of his own hand. Domestic infelicity was the cause of his committing suicide. The Sunday before his death he took his two daughters and attended services at the Baptist church. The *Tribune* stated that he was a devoted member of the Baptist Church. Of course he could obtain no spiritual help there. What the man needed in the hour of trial was some one that could point him to Christ, as his burden-bearer, but there was no one in the churches of Dillon to do this.

Owen Carrigan shot and killed himself over financial troubles, leaving a wife and children.

Dan Chapman came from a lodge meeting one night and died within an hour, while his wife, the daughter of a prominent Methodist, was entertaining company. Thus death

struck him in the midst of church festivities. I well remember one afternoon when called upon to play and sing some hymns in Mr. Chapman's presence, how emphatically he expressed his distaste for anything religious. The young woman whom he afterward married was present. I wondered how she could have any respect for him.

Seven well known young men in and about Dillon died yearning for spiritual help.

O. E. Morse, a well-known groceryman, fell in the door of his store and lived only a few minutes. I was in his store two days before his death. While he was wrapping paper around a basket of grapes I asked myself the question, How long will God permit this man to go on in his unrepentant condition, knowing that he had been repeatedly warned through the meetings held in the place.

CHAPTER VI

Further Accounts of Sudden Deaths Taken from Dillon Tribune and Dillon Examiner

Dillon Tribune, April 23d, 1897.

DIED OF DIPTHERIA

The death of Mary Louise Harvey of Dillon, best known as "Nellie," is one of the saddest events we have had to record. Her death occurred at 6 o'clock Saturday evening of diptheria. Just one week before she was the picture of health and strength and was running and playing with her little companions. * * * * Her death is especially sad, from the fact that she was one of the brightest little girls in the public school, of cheerful disposition and loved by her teachers and playmates by whom she will be much missed.

We are told that the parents of this child denied themselves of the necessaries of life in order to keep up with the social life of Dillon. After the death of this girl the real condition of the family was learned.

Same Issue.

MARY EDDIE DEAD

Mary Eddie, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs.

James Eddie, died at the home of her parents this morning at 6 o'clock. Mary Eddie was born on Horse Prarie, fourteen years ago.

Her uncle, George Brown taught her to love the taste of intoxicants, and it is reported that the physicians think she would have stood a fair chance of recovery, had it not been that her heart was weakened through the use of strong drink.

Same Issue.

DEATH OF THOMAS TRITT

Thomas Tritt, a well-known rancher of Dillon, died at his home in this city, April 21st of paralysis. * * * The funeral was held at 2 o'clock Thursday afternoon.

Same Issue.

ANOTHER PIONEER GONE

Word has been received here of the death of Mrs. Ellen R. Smith, widow of A. J. Smith, formerly of Bannack. Mrs. Smith died at Denver, Colo., of heart failure.

Tribune, Nov. 19th, 1897.

ANOTHER SAD DEATH. MRS. JOHN R. GILBERT PASSES TO THE GREAT BEYOND

Her maiden name was Jane Ann Bumby. The family settled in Jefferson Valley in Madison County, Montana, where they spent many happy days. In

BEAVERHEAD COUNTY COURT HOUSE

1895 the father was taken from them by death, leaving three sons, a widow and this daughter to mourn his loss. In 1877 she was married to John R. Gilbert, immediately removing to his ranch north of Dillon, where they continued to make their home until moving to town some three or four years ago.

This union was blest by the coming of nine children into the home, six boys and three girls, all of whom, with the exception of Jennie, whom we laid away ten days ago, with the bereaved husband, are left to suffer the pangs of their loss. She was saved the suffering of knowing the departure of her mother and daughter, and is now gone to join them in that innumerable throng, which we hope are singing of Moses and the Lamb around the throne of the Eternal.

Tribune, Aug. 9th, 1899.

A DAUGHTER OF ROBERT ARCHIBALD DIED OF DIPHTHERIA WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

This is the third member of the family succumbing to that disease within a month.

Tribune, Sept. 8th, 1899.

ALVIN DEWITT KILLS WILLIAM McINTOSH IN SELF-DEFENSE. THE STORY OF THE TROUBLE AS TOLD THE CORONER'S JURY, AND VERDICT RENDERED —MEN HAD TROUBLE OVER A WATER

DITCH—ARE WELL KNOWN RESIDENTS OF THE COUNTY.

Monday morning, Dewitt started cleaning out the irrigating ditch. When he had reached a point near the McIntosh house, Mr. McIntosh came out and ordered him to stop work. He refused to do so. Then a wrangle ensued during which a gun was drawn by McIntosh. This gun was soon afterwards taken away from him and hidden by his granddaughter.

When the gun-play was made, Dewitt was unarmed save for a scythe which he had been using to cut out the moss growing in the bottom of the ditch. He told McIntosh that he was unarmed and that it was cowardly to shoot an unarmed man. He was told to go home, get his gun, come back and they would have it out at ten paces. More warm words followed after McIntosh had been disarmed by the girl, and Dewitt finally left the place. After dinner he went to a neighbor's and asked two men to go back with him, saying that if he was again disturbed that he would have McIntosh arrested and that he wanted witnesses. He also took his rifle with him, a 30 calibre Winchester smokeless. When he resumed work at 2 o'clock, there was a repitition of the forenoon's altercation. McIntosh again ordered Dewitt out of the ditch, and was told, "Go into the house and mind your own business and I will tend to mine." Then McIntosh said, "You've got a long gun and I've got a short one, I'll go into the house and get my long one." A few minutes later, he reappeared with his rifle, and when within 75 or 100

feet of his enemy fired, the bullet passing between the two witness. Immediately Dewitt returned the fire, without apparent effect. McIntosh shot a second time and once again Dewitt returned the fire. At the crack of the rifle McIntosh reeled and fell, the bullet had passed directly through his heart and death was instantaneous. * * The members of the McIntosh family and the hired man told a different story at the inquest. Mr. Jackson says he heard two shots only, both being fired by Dewitt, and he stoutly maintained that he did not see a gun in McIntosh's hands.

Tribune, March 1st, 1901.

DAVIDSON IS DEAD. CORONER'S JURY RETURNED A VERDICT OF DEATH BY SUICIDE. HIS FRIENDS THINK HE WAS MURDERED. A LETTER SUGGESTIVE OF TROUBLE—HIS WIFE ADMITS THEY DID NOT GET ALONG WELL.

James Davidson, formerly of Dillon, died at Denver, Colo., on Feb. 24th. Much mystery surrounds his death and it is thought by some people here that he was the victim of foul play.

Mr. Davidson has been a resident of this county for nearly twenty years. He was engaged in ranching and stock raising until about a year ago, when he sold his ranch for $10,000. He then went East to his old home in Pennsylvania and was married to a Mrs. Mattie Burke. * * Mrs. Davidson was not satisfied to live at Dillon and last December they went to Denver. * * Mr. Davidson drew $500 from

the bank on his departure, and before his death had drawn his entire account.

Frank Williams received two telegrams from Mrs. Davidson, one stating "Jim" was dead, and the other asking if he would send funeral expenses. * * The following we take from a Denver despatch to the Standard:

Denver, Colo., Feb. 27th.

The death of James Davidson, formerly of Dillon, Mont., is shrouded in mystery. Davidson was 65 years old and was found dead in his bed in his room at 1653 Arapahoe street, Sunday morning. The gas was turned on and the coroner said he had been asphyxiated.

Dillon Examiner, Aug. 14th, 1901.

THOMAS NYHART SHOOTS HIMSELF FRIDAY AFTERNOON AND SOON DIES. HE WAS CARRYING A RIFLE WHILE MOWING AND IT WAS ACCIDENTALLY DISCHARGED. DEATH OCCURRED THREE HOURS LATER.

Young Nyhart was running a mower on his brother's ranch about a mile north from town. There was an old coyote which for a year or more past has made that field his hunting place. Seeing the animal the young man decided to kill it and he brought a 49-90 caliber rifle from the house for that purpose. Before he could get a shot the animal was out of range. Nyhart then got on the machine, carrying the rifle across his knees. His companions advised him

to take the cartridge out of the rifle as it was a dangerous proposition to carry a rifle in such a manner. He declined to do so, laughing at the danger, and said that the old coyote might show up again and he wanted to shoot quickly.

He had scarcely gotten half way round the land when a shot was heard, and young Nyhart walked to the other men in the field a few hundred yards away, told them he was shot and fell to his knees. * * The wound was a mortal one and he died a few minutes after six o'clock. * * The young man was conscious to the last and suffered untold agony. Thomas Nyhart was a native of Beaverhead Valley; he was a sober, industrious young man and his untimely end is mourned by all who knew him.

Dillon Tribune, Aug. 16th, 1901.

FORMER DILLON MAN SHOOTS HIMSELF WITH A SHOTGUN. A SHOCKING CASE OF SUICIDE AT BRYANT'S RANCH IN THE UPPER RUBY VALLEY

At 10:30 this morning, Charles Flynn shot himself with a shotgun the first time in the shoulder, the second time in the heart. Flynn was despondent because of the condition of his wife with whom he wanted to go to California, but was unable to do so because of an operation of surgery which she recently underwent. Financial conditions also were a factor.

Tribune, Nov. 14th, 1902.

FOUND DEAD IN BED. GEORGE LINKERSDORFER DIES OF HEART FAILURE.

The friends of George Linkersdorfer were shocked Monday by the news that he had been found dead in his bed. The news came as a great surprise, from the fact that he was apparently in the best of health when last seen by his friends at 3:30 o'clock Monday morning. * * Chris Snyder who helped Mr. Linkersdorfer to bed went to his room about 11 o'clock and found him apparently dead. He called Dr. B— and when the doctor arrived he found Mr. Linkersdorfer had been dead some time. * * He smoked a great many cigarettes and being afflicted with heart disease this is supposed to have hastened his death.

Tribune, Feb. 26th, 1903.

FELL FROM A WAGON. ANDY NELSON DIED THIS MORNING FROM INJURIES RECEIVED WEDNESDAY

Wednesday, Andy Nelson who has been working for W. C. Brown on the Rattlesnake for a short time, came to Dillon in company with some parties from that section and proceeded to fill up on whiskey. His friends tried to persuade him to go home in the afternoon, but he would not. But about 7:30 o'clock, he consented to go. He was placed on the running gears of the wagon and they started to leave town. While going down Montana street Nelson suddenly fell over into the wheel of the wagon and before the horses could be stopped he was drawn down between the wheels and the hounds of the wagon. When he was

A BUCKING BRONCO

extricated from the position he was perfectly helpless.

It was supposed that he was dead drunk and he was placed on a wheelbarrow by the officers and lodged in the police station to sleep off his drunk. He slept very soundly all night and next morning when he awoke he called Officer Fordice to him and told the officer he was unable to move and wanted to know what was the matter. * * The man was removed to Froman's lodging house where all possible was done for him, but he died this morning at 7:30 o'clock.

Same Issue.

DIED OF APPENDICITIS

Miss Christiana C. Morrison, a student of the Normal school, after having undergone an operation Wednesday for appendicitis, died. * * Her recovery from the immediate effects of the operation were much better than had been expected, but about noon yesterday she began to fail and finally passed away about 5:30. Miss Morrison was a little more than eighteen years old.

Tribune, March 20th, 1903.

DEATH OF FRED SCHULER

Fred Schuler, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Schuler died at the Froman lodging house early Tuesday morning of a species of heart trouble. He was well known throughout the country and had many friends. He had been ill for more than a week be-

fore his death, but as he was a strong appearing man nothing serious was expected and his death was a great surprise to his many friends.

Tribune, June 29th, 1903.

FUNERAL OF LLOYD CALL. HE WAS DROWNED IN THE CORNELL RESERVOIR LAST FRIDAY

Llyod Call, who was the youngest son of W. A. Call of this city, in company with Philip Harding, went, as their mothers thought, fishing. But in their rounds visited the new Cornell reservoir, a reservoir to supply the Cornell flocks. It is not a very large body of water, but it is very deep and the banks are steep. The boys went bathing and as neither could swim they kept near the edge. Lloyd Call determined to wade out as far as he could and in doing so he slipped and fell and slid down a steep bank in the deepest part of the reservoir. Young Harding attempted to reach him with a pole, but being unable to do so fled to Dillon and reported the accident. The reservoir had been built in a gulch and the body was found in a trench that had been washed in the bottom of the reservoir before the construction of the dam. At this place it was about 18 feet deep. * * The service at the Presbyterian church was a very impressive one.

Tribune, July 10th, 1903.

GOOD CITIZEN GONE. CHRISTOPHER BURFIEND PASSES AWAY WEDNESDAY MORNING. HIS ILLNESS WAS OF

SHORT DURATION AND HIS DEATH CAME AS A SURPRISE TO THE COMMUNITY.

Another of Dillon's pioneer citizens has passed away. Christopher Burfiend died Wednesday morning, with catarrh of the stomach. * * * He came to this country in 1861. * * After five or six years residence in California he went to ranching near Dillon in partnership with his brother J. H. Burfiend, following this occupation for seventeen years and being very successful. Later they engaged in mercantile enterprises and built the block now occupied by the Montana Mercantile Co. * * * The Burfiend brothers owned the Dillon brewery until four years ago when they sold it to J. L. Wiser. *** Mr. Burfiend was one of the energetic and progressive spirits of Dillon and did much to build up the town and community. He was everywhere recognized as a straightforward, honest business man, such as are an honor to any community. * * * He was a member of the Lutheran Church and lived his religion in his business and in his dealings with his fellowman."

Here is a German brewer who receives the highest commendation, the startling statement being made that he lived his religion in his business and in his dealings with his fellow men. The scripture says, "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that puttest thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken also,

that thou mayest look on their nakedness" (Hab. 2:15).

Tribune, July 17th, 1903.

JAMES MULANEY DEAD. DIED SUDDENLY THURSDAY AFTERNOON AT DILLON. WAS AN OLD RESIDENT.

James Mulaney died at Hart lodging house of pneumonia. He was engaged in shearing sheep in the Centennial Valley, where he contracted the fever and was brought to town Monday. * * Thursday he was brought by friends to the Hart lodging house where almost unassisted he walked up stairs. This was after 1 o'clock and before 7 o'clock he was dead. He had accumulated quite a little property in this section, owning several houses and lots in Dillon.

Tribune, Sept. 25th, 1903.

DIED THIS MORNING. ARTHUR JONES— VICTIM OF A PAINFUL ACCIDENT. SLEAVE CAUGHT IN RAPIDLY REVOLVING AUGER AND RIGHT ARM TERRIBLY LACERATED— BROUGHT TO DILLON FOR TREATMENT AND WAS APPARENTLY DOING WELL.

Arthur Jones, whose home was on Thompson Avenue, died at 10:30 this morning from pulmonary embolsion—the formation of a blood clot on the right lung. He was brought in from Red Rock on last night's 12 o'clock train, suffering with a badly lacerated right arm. He and J. H. Palmer were engaged in building a fence for James Selway

near the head of Bloody Dick Creek and about 11 o'clock yesterday morning, while they were operating a steam post boring machine, Jones reached over to clear the auger. His sleeve caught on the point of the rapidly revolving auger and his arm was drawn into the machine, making a badly lacerated wound about six inches long on the inner side of the right arm, just above the elbow. He was taken in a wagon from there to Red Rock and from there brought to Dillon. About 3 o'clock this morning his wound was dressed and at 8 o'clock he was in good condition and resting easier. No apprehension was entertained by his physicians as to the accident resulting fatally, although they had some fears that he would lose his arm from strangulation. * * * Mr. Jones was a young man twenty-two years of age and leaves a young wife and little child.

Same Issue.

STOPS RUNAWAY HORSES THEREBY PREVENTING BAD ACCIDENT.

Oscar Terry, a teamster in Big Hole Basin, knocked down and run over by four horses and a wagon loaded with wood last Saturday and now lies in Murray and Freund's Hospital in a critical condition.

Tribune, Oct. 23d, 1903.

JOHN BRADWELL DIES OF PNEUMONIA AFTER A BRIEF ILLNESS.

After an illness of a few days, John Bradwell, aged thirty-four years, died at the home of his father

in Argenta, Tuesday night, of pneumonia. John Bradwell was well known in this part of the country, having lived at Bannack and Birch Creek for a number of years before going to Argenta.

Tribune, Oct. 23d, 1903.

DROWNED SUNDAY. AIKENS' LITTLE GIRL FELL INTO IRRIGATING DITCH AND WAS DROWNED.

Virginia Ellen Ruby Aikens, the infant child of Alexander Aikens, a threshing machine man, who lives on Kentucky avenue fell into an irrigating ditch which runs past the home of the family and was drowned Sunday.

Tribune, Nov. 27th, 1903.

WAS MANSLAUGHTER. THAT WAS THE VERDICT OF THE JURY IN POLLACK'S CASE.

Of all men in the state of Montana, George Pollack, the murderer of "Dicky" Martin at Bannack had the greatest cause to be thankful yesterday. The act of one man shooting a fellow being in apparently cold blood and escaping with a ten years' sentence in the state penitentiary does not often happen. * * * During the time Judge Parker was speaking Pollack stood shifting himself from one foot to the other, clearing his throat and coughing as he felt the sting of the truth of the court's words.

When at last the court had finished and pronounced the sentence of ten years at hard labor in the state penitentiary, which was the limit for the

STREAM NEAR DILLON

crime of manslaughter, Pollack turned and left the court room with the sheriff, and as he passed down the stairs through the hallway on the first floor of the court house he had a broad grin on his heartless countenance, and in a jesting way was holding up both hands with his fingers spread out to show those in the hall how many years he had.

CHAPTER VII

Old Church Apostasy

During the three years after the Lord sanctified me, He opened my eyes fully to the apostasy of the old denominations. I saw the Methodist Church, of which I had been a member for nearly twenty years, like a dead mother wrapped in grave clothes, the fumes from the putrefying corpse stifling everyone that came in contact with it. The picture was a most impressive and true one, and I was thoroughly convinced that I would have to separate from the old Church or lose my soul.

When our friends and relatives die we bury them, and the same principle holds good with the old church mother.

During two years of aggressive spiritual warfare, I learned how bitterly the preachers oppose the experience and doctrine of holiness, and saw that it would be impossible to please God and receive their endorsement. For many years I had been attending the Annual Conferences of the M. E. Church, and had seen many things that

I knew were not consistent with vital Christianity. But my spiritual vision was never clear until I received the baptism of the Holy Ghost. This wonderful anointing stirred the powers of darkness everywhere I went. People had to take sides for or against God. The experience that God had given me was unfathomable, and hidden mysteries of the Gospel were daily being revealed to my heart. Iniquity in the lives of people was uncovered everywhere I went, especially in the churches, where ghastly skeletons of pride and corruption were made manifest. To have remained silent on these things would have been perilous.

The revival that my brother and I held at Dillon, was used of God to show me the utter futility of trying to preach a full Gospel and live a holy life in the Methodist or any of the old denominations. In that small town there were a few people that wanted to do the will of God, but, as it is everywhere else, they were like lambs in the paw of a bear, and their shepherds were all cowards.

The machinery of all the old denominations is operated much like that of business corporations, and if a preacher does not serve their purpose, he will be caught in

the wheels and ground to powder. He must obey those who have money, influence and power, regardless of their morals. Not to do this is to commit ecclesiastical suicide. Those who enter the work of the Lord with wholly good intentions soon find themselves the victims of bossism, which is not confined to politics alone, and unable to stem the tide, they sell out and become a part of the system.

I saw that I would have to work on an independent basis, or lose my soul, and this I could not afford to do. I had to warn the people, and especially my own husband and brother, of the danger of remaining in connection with an institution that was actually fighting the principles it was raised up to defend. My husband and brother were still members of the conference and subject to the orders of Presiding Elders and Bishops.

After many months of prayer the Lord worked upon the heart of my husband and made him willing to take a location, so that we might be free to go and come as the Lord led. We moved to Denver, and as we had no salary or any income to lean upon, this was a great step of faith. My husband held back to the last moment before he would

give his consent to go, but with persistent efforts I succeeded in getting him to make the arrangements for the transfer of our household goods. While he was doing this I went to Denver and found a house. The Lord wonderfully led in every step. In less than a month He had given me a large Gospel tent, which was erected in the heart of the city. Much of the history in connection with this tent is given in Looking Back from Beulah.

Soon the whole city and surrounding country was stirred by the preaching of the Gospel. Within six months at least four hundred people professed salvation at our altars, and the holy fire spread rapidly in different parts of the state. Sometimes we had as many as three open-air meetings in operation at one time. At these meetings, under the mighty spell of the Gospel, men and women would often fall on their knees and cry for mercy.

The city officials, with but few exceptions, were friendly toward us, and tried to protect our services. There were one or two officers, however, that threatened to arrest some of the workers for blocking the streets. This proved to be a means of grace, as it caused

them to pray more and to keep their Gospel storehouse full of ammunition.

After a few months the Lord began to talk to me about the enlargement of the work. Our children had the measles and one took a relapse and was in a delicate condition for six weeks. During this time I was at his bedside almost night and day. When all in the house were asleep I had the opportunity to pray and find out God's plans for the work.

Later, a meeting was held in a tent at Longmont. This meeting stirred all of Northern Colorado and people came for miles to attend. Thousands listened to the Gospel who declared they had never heard it preached in its purity before. The work continued to grow, and in 1899, we were compelled to open a Bible School and Training Home for the converts who wished to become missionaries and preachers. The School was opened in February, 1899, in a house on Twenty-second street. Three months later we moved to a better house at 2348 Champa street, where we remained for five years.

The School was operated on a faith basis, in connection with every night services in the open-air and in a hall on Larimer street.

When everything was moving along in a prosperous condition we went to Butte, Montana, to open a mission. At this time our School was full of students preparing for the missionary field, and others were making application to enter. Our annual camp-meeting was billed for Denver, and the success of this meeting for five years had depended almost wholly upon my own efforts. There were persons who had acted in an official capacity that were mere figureheads and some a real hindrance to the cause. Nevertheless the Lord commanded us to go.

In a most remarkable way the Lord provided railroad transportation for my husband, myself and two children. Much interesting history might be written on the opening of the work there, so wonderfully was God's hand manifested in every undertaking.

A hall was secured and after some opposition from the city officials we were given the right of way on the streets, but not until our faith had been tested to the extreme limit. A more detailed account of the work in Butte has been given in another book. We only desire to show that Butte, a veritable Sodom, received

us, and for seven years our people preached a full Gospel in that city, unmolested by city officials and others.

But not so with the little town of Dillon, largely made up of those who had an outward show of morals and respectability, but who inwardly were like whitened sepulchres full of dead men's bones. There is a vein of criminality running through the inhabitants of Beaverhead County. More than once this has been demonstrated by outbursts of violence.

At the urgent request of some of our friends living at Dillon my brother and his wife were sent to hold meetings and take charge of the work there for a time. They paid $20 a month for a house in which to live and hold services. A partition was removed and the house served the purpose of a church and parsonage. The straight preaching of the Word did not fail to bring results. The whole story is told when we say that he did not spare sin either in or out of the churches. The covering of false professors was taken away and in their unhappy predicament they were left exposed to the gaze of the public.

In the meantime souls were getting con-

verted in the old-time way. This was God's seal on my brother's ministry.

The churches of Dillon were no more than religious club houses where people met to gossip and display their finery and where the tongue of the flatterer was always in evidence. A Holy Ghost revival exposed their hypocrisy and showed them up to a disadvantage. Unwilling to repent and make their crooked paths straight they determined to get rid of the preacher.

Among those that had been converted under his ministry were a number of our own relatives, some of whom are with us in the work at the present time.

When the Gospel axe was laid at the root of the tree and results were being seen, there was a mighty stirring in the town and community, followed by an outburst of wrath equal to that of the Inquisition.

The meeting house was surrounded by a mob while services were in progress. My brother was begged by friends to make his escape, and did so through a back door and found shelter in the house of a friendly neighbor, but the lion of Dillon which had tasted blood on so many occasions was not to be

"THEY BEGAN HURLING THE PEOPLE IN EVERY DIRECTION"

baffled now. The preacher was seized and led a mile out of the city, followed by a jeering multitude. After repeated threats and warnings to leave town, he was divested of his clothing and covered all over with tar roofing paint, and left to the mercy of his friends. With difficulty they succeeded in removing the mixture fearing that the closing up of the pores of the flesh would cause his immediate death.

Could any one who believes the verities of God's word doubt that His judgments would fall on such a place and people?

The following account is given by one who knew the facts.

On Tuesday evening, when the holiness people were engaged in their services at the home of Rev. C. W. Bridwell, a mob composed of about twenty young men gathered and began to bombard the place. Without saying a word they proceeded to smash in the windows and break down the doors. Entering the house they began hurling the people in every direction knocking down an old lady sixty-seven years of age, and striking a man on the head with a club who attempted to check them in their violence.

Later, they secured the leader, and taking

him nearly a mile out of town, gave him a coat of roofing paint. After Jesus was scourged He was led out of the city and crucified. A fallen Church always persecutes God's people. It was the fallen Church that crucified Christ, that persecuted Luther, Wesley and others. The Pharisees and scribes got the assistance of the Romans to kill Christ, so the Church was the power back of the Dillon mob.

The following was taken from an article printed in the *Rocky Mountain News,* of Denver. "About six months ago, Rev. C. W. Bridwell, a member of The Pentecostal Union of Denver, went to Dillon, Mont., for the purpose of establishing a branch of the work there. He was accompanied by his wife and family, and so earnest were their endeavors that the work moved along flourishingly. The peculiar methods of the Pentecostal sect did not suit the Dillonites. The former persisted in holding its meetings and singing and shouting the fervor of its religious joy, while the oppositional feeling continued to grow. Finally a mob of some fifteen or twenty young men appeared at the hall one night while services were in progress and very effectually broke up the meeting. They

took the preacher out, divested him of his clothing and applied a coat of tar roofing paint.

"Before Mr. Bridwell became a member of The Pentecostal Union he was a Methodist minister. He built the church at Cripple Creek and was pastor at Wray, Colo. He is a graduate of the University of Denver and is regarded as one of the finest workers in The Pentecostal Union."

I was in Los Angeles at the time and saw an account of the affair in a morning paper. Knowing my brother as I did my greatest fear was that he would not leave when warned of more trouble, for I knew the Dillonites well enough to have some comprehension of what would follow. It would have been going against the Scriptures to have stayed among them after such treatment. When a child of God is in doubts as to what to do, there is always recourse to the Scriptures. After things had reached the state that they had there could be no doubt that the time had come for the preacher to shake the dust off his feet as a witness against the town.

Some people refuse to stem the slightest opposition, and back down, compromise and lose their souls, when they should bravely

IN THE HANDS OF THE MOB

stand and make the fight. I knew that my brother was not a coward and he would have to be convinced on Scriptural grounds, or influence brought to bear upon him showing that the welfare of others was involved, or he would not budge an inch.

During the day I felt like wiring him to go, but concluded after praying over the matter to leave it with the Lord. Luke 10:10-11 says. "But into whatsoever city ye enter, and they receive you not, go your ways out into the streets of the same, and say, Even the very dust of your city, which cleaveth on us, we do wipe off against you: notwithstanding be ye sure of this, that the kingdom of God is come nigh unto you."

The conditions at Dillon were similar to those on the island of Martinique before the city of St. Pierre was destroyed by an eruption from a volcano. Christian missionaries had been shut out of their own hired house and forced to leave the island only a short time before the city was deluged.

In derision of Christ and the crucifixion, on Easter Sunday they made a pig run the gauntlet, throwing spears at it, and afterwards crucified it. There is a limit to God's

forbearance, which was shown by the destruction of 30,000 inhabitants, after such indignities were heaped upon the missionaries in Martinique. And the long list of tragical and sudden deaths following the persecutions of Christians at Dillon, Montana, of which I shall be able to give an account of only a few, shows that the wrath of God has been provoked by the inhabitants of Dillon and Beaverhead County. Evil angels seem to throng the atmosphere and God has permitted them to reap their harvest.

The saddest of all is that the innocent have had to suffer with the guilty, and the end is not yet. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

There are those who presume that they can mock at God's word, persecute His prophets, and thrust them out from among them, and still escape His judgments. But at the moment when they are least expecting it calamity falls.

In the destruction of Jerusalem, when the sins of the parents were being visited upon the children, the inhabitants were crucified in such great numbers there was no more wood from

which to make crosses. There was a scene of blood and carnage unparalleled in preceding ages, and the curse of God is still resting on the Jews, who took upon themselves the responsibility of the crucifixion.

After people have offended against God they often have dark forebodings and sometimes live in constant fear. They imagine they are being pursued and are to become the victims of some revengeful monster, and thus the scripture is fulfilled which says, "The wicked flee when no man pursueth."

Again, those who have been bold in their defiance of the Almighty labor under the false impression that there is no evil that can befall them. They settle down in a state of carnal security, even while the avenger is about to overtake them. And just about the time when they feel the most secure, and are comforting themselves with the thought that the idignation is past and they have escaped, sudden calamity falls.

They may escape broken bones, instant or tragical death, but it must be remembered that disaster comes in more ways than one, and what some people might not consider a very great calamity may be indeed the greatest of

all. When people strive with their Maker and the Spirit of God leaves them, there could be no greater calamity. To be left where repentance is impossible and to die in one's sins is terrible to contemplate. And this is the state that many are in who have refused the counsel of God at the hands of His servants. Jesus said to those who challenged His divinity, "I go my way, and ye shall seek me, and shall die in your sins: whither I go, ye cannot come."

After the Methodists and others, succeeded in crushing out the work of the Holy Ghost in the place, they were hard pressed to keep up an appearance of revival work, and invited the Rev. Dr. A——, Pastor of the Mountain View Methodist Church of Butte, to come and assist in meetings. The Rev. A——, had built a new church at Butte and had become very popular as a preacher and pastor. I was present when, with much flattery, he presented Senator W. A. Clark, who laid the corner stone of their new church building. At the time it was said that Mr. Clark had spent nearly a million dollars in the Legislature of Helena, when he was elected to the United States Senate. But Dr. A— was pleased to introduce him to the

public and give him the honor of laying the corner stone of the new church.

At the time we were conducting our mission at Butte this so-called minister of the Gospel and the Rev. Jacob Mills, conspired to bar my husband and myself from the Sacramental board at his church.

The day following, my husband was handed a marked copy of the *Ohio State Journal.* The article designated, as I remember it, read as follows:

> The Rev. A—— is pastor of the Methodist Church at Butte, Montana. His salary is $2,500 a year. Not long since he was rejected from the church at Toledo, Ohio, for being too familiar with the fair sex. Later he was thrown out of the conference at Guthrie, Ohio, on similar charges, but through the influence of a Methodist Bishop was taken back into the fold. In the face of all these facts he is serving a church at Butte, Montana, and pleasing the people well.

I sat in his congregation one morning and heard him ridicule a certain holiness evangelist who had stepped aside from the paths of virtue, but had confessed and repented of his sins. The Rev. A—— gave holiness a thrust by holding up before the public, this man, who

was once a powerful and well known preacher of the Gospel and had written some books on the subject of holiness that had been well received. I felt it would be perilous not to rebuke him.

At the close of the service he walked down the aisle in which I was standing. I asked the Lord to help me and said, "Dr. A——, you have held up a man to ridicule in order to give holiness a thrust, and I want you to know that I am aware of the fact that you are guilty of the same sin that you have condemned in another." He stepped back, his countenance changed, his lips quivered, and as soon as he could command his speech he said, "You have reference to the article in the *Ohio State Journal*?" "Yes sir," was the reply.

A year later I was at Butte City again and attended a service at the Methodist church, this time a class meeting. On entering the room I noticed that nearly every one seemed to be depressed in spirit. The class leader prayed as though there was a great burden on his heart. Afterward he said, "Brethren, there is no place but hell for the scandal-bearer." Instantly it struck me that they were on the track of their pastor and were unwilling to believe

what they had heard. I was rightly impressed, for this was the case.

The pastor even then was supposed to be on the Pacific Coast for a vacation, but having heard that some things in his life were being uncovered and producing an unwholesome odor, he rushed home, and to the surprise of all, walked into the pulpit a half hour later, when another had been engaged to preach. The report was going that he was more greatly involved in scandal at Butte than he was in Ohio, where he had been turned out of the conference. When it was found that they could no longer cover up his track, an exchange of pastors was made with Salt Lake City. Rev. H——, Pastor of the First M. E. Church, was sent to Butte, and Dr. A—— took his place as pastor in the Mormon Capital.

Dr. A— was one of the characters that received endorsement and a hearty welcome at Dillon after they had rejected and persecuted our people.

The 109th Psalm shows divine intervention where there is persecution of God's children. The Psalmist is impersonating Christ makes a plea for deliverance from his enemies. His is the cry of every human heart where Je-

sus truly dwells. He says, "Hold not thy peace, O God of my praise: For the mouth of the wicked and the mouth of the deceitful are opened against me: they have spoken against me with a lying tongue." Never were words more applicable to a people than these were to those who fought against the cause of Christ in this town of Dillon. Certainly the mouths of wicked and deceitful men were there speaking against those who were trying to lift up the Cross. They fought without a cause those who loved their souls well enough to put the right stamp on sin.

The wicked must be checked or the world would lose its salt, and pandemonium would reign, therefore the Psalmist said, "Set thou a wicked man over him: and let Satan stand at his right hand. When he shall be judged, let him be condemned: and let his prayer become sin. Let his days be few; and let another take his office. Let his children be fatherless, and his wife a widow. Let his children be continually vagabonds, and beg: let them seek their bread also out of their desolate places."

All who understand the Scriptures know that the Psalmist was not seeking personal revenge. His purpose was infinitely higher

A HERD OF MONTANA SHEEP

than this. He wanted the kingdom of righteousness to flourish and wickedness to be put down, and to this end he prayed. No person with enmity in his heart or seeking revenge can be a Christian. He must be willing to suffer the loss of all things, and endure persecution and affliction for Christ's sake. To let bitterness come into the soul would mean spiritual ruin.

The object of a true Christian, first and last, is to do the will of God and glorify His name on the earth. When personal ambition creeps in, his power for good is lost. Jesus taught His disciples to pray, "Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven." Before Christ's kingdom can be established on the earth the wicked will have to be cut down. If the children of the ungodly should be permitted to go unpunished the price that has been paid for man's redemption would be in vain. Therefore it is not an unrighteous thing to pray for the rod of chastisement to fall upon those who repeatedly spurn the messages of God. It is far better for the children of the wicked to be vagabonds and beggars than to be in a place of influence and power. Poverty is often

made a blessing. If some people had an abundance of this world's goods their lives would be a curse. Therefore the Psalmist says, "Let the extortioner catch all that he hath; and let the strangers spoil his labor." When the ungodly prosper the fortresses of sin are strengthened.

Children are usually what their parents make them. The Word says that the sins of the parents are visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation, and this being true, it is easy to understand why the Psalmist said, "Let there be none to extend mercy unto him: neither let there be any to favor his fatherless children."

It might seem that it is cruel to make such a prayer, and it would be if only the children were involved, but it embraces the whole conflict between sin and righteousness, and therefore the prayer is made for the defeat of the wicked and the triumph of the righteous. Children who die before they come to the age of accountability are saved through the atonement. After they have been thrown upon their own responsibility, hereditary sins often become the ruling passions of their lives and it is impossible for their influence to be good.

The 14th verse says, "Let the iniquity of his fathers be remembered with the Lord: and let not the sin of his mother be blotted out." Time is not taken into consideration with God,—a thousand years is but as a watch in the night. There can be nothing more foolish than to imagine that God will forget. Forgetfulness is an infirmity that belongs to man in his fallen state. With him time, like a great mountain, separates the events of his life, and when he tries to look back there is much to obscure his vision. But not so with the Almighty. There are no mountains to rise above His all-piercing eye. Isaiah says He "hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance" (Isa. 40:12). When man breaks His laws, mistreats His children and insults His majesty, years may intervene, but when such persons are least expecting it calamity overtakes them. About the time they think that God has forgotten, the avenging angel, without further warning, steps in, and disaster and death follow.

In the 15th verse of Psalm 109 he asks

that the memory of the wicked be cut off from the earth, because they showed not mercy and persecuted the poor and needy, and slew the broken-hearted.

The poor and needy are the children of God. Jesus said, "Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven" (Matt. 5:3). A person may have nothing of this world's goods and yet be exceedingly wicked, but no one can be a New Testament saint without a humble and contrite spirit. 2 Cor. 6:10 says, "As poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things." "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise" (Psa. 51:17).

The outbursts of violence that characterized the opposition to the preaching of a full Gospel at Dillon, has had scarcely a parallel in Christian civilization. Much that has been written on the subject it is deemed best not to publish at this time, as it involves relationships that might cause much embarrassment. It will perhaps be better appreciated some time in the future.

After my brother and his family took their departure, things were wrought up to such a

tension that the friends of the work were determined not to give way to the enemy and insisted on our sending other workers to the place. We did so, and the meetings were continued without any great outbreaks of violence, any more than the throwing of stones, and the smashing of window lights by the children. The old beasts of prey seemed for a time to have their wrath appeased.

But when it was necessary for certain reasons for the writer to be at Dillon a few days, they arose from their lairs and began to roar. I was told that threats were being made, and that there was likely to be another outburst of persecution, but true to the spirit of the Christian martyrs I had no fear. There has never been a time since God called me to take the Calvary route that I have been afraid of either men or devils. Matthew 10:28 says, "And fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear him which is able to destroy both body and soul in hell."

I have never seen the time since I was converted that I would not lay down my life rather than disobey God. Many times in my work and travels God has wrought deliverance from railroad wrecks, steamship disasters

and other conditions where my life was in danger, and I felt calm and restful. I knew that the Lord had led me to Dillon at this time, and that He was abundantly able to protect me, regardless of what I might have to face.

But others were alarmed when they heard the rumors that were afloat. And true to their premonitions, one of Dillon's honored citizens entered the room where I was stopping, on a stormy afternoon, took me by the hair and dragged me from the foot of the bed and across the room, and struck me an awful blow on the side of the head.

And had it not been for two women in the room who fought desperately for my life the assault no doubt would have resulted in my death. The screams of some of the missionaries who came in later brought help just at the opportune time. One of the young women, who had been a Methodist Deaconess for a number of years before joining our organization, came in just at the critical moment. My assailant called her a black-eyed witch and gave her a blow in the face, which resulted in breaking the bridge of her nose. She was in delicate health at the time and died at Los Angeles a short time afterward.

Friends persuaded me to lodge out of the city that night and the next day I left for Denver.

A few of the missionaries remained in the town for a short time, but their lives were constantly in danger, as great stones were hurled through the windows of the house, and some of them narrowly escaped being struck. Evidently those who were doing the mischief were backed up by the Church people and business men.

When God's wrath is burning against a city it is time for His people to get out. Angels hastened Lot and his family out of Sodom before fire and brimstone were rained from heaven.

Luke 10:13-16 says, "Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida! for if the mighty works had been done in Tyre and Sidon, which have been done in you, they had a great while ago repented, sitting in sackcloth and ashes. But it shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the judgment, than for you. And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted to heaven, shalt be thrust down to hell. He that heareth you heareth me; and he that despiseth you despiseth me; and he that de-

spiseth me despiseth him that sent me."

There were a number of persons, some of whom were my own relatives, who realized that the people of Dillon and Beaverhead County had provoked the wrath of the Almighty, and as a result the scourge of death was passing over the place. They were not long in getting their business affairs in shape to leave. Some of them found refuge under the wings of our Organization and have had no desire to return to their old environment.

Our missionaries also left, not to return. And the little town of Dillon stands today with its long list of tragedies, as barren of spiritual life as a Sahara desert, and the avenging angel continues to stretch out his rod over the place. If we judge by some correspondence and newspaper reports there has been but little cessation of tragedies in the past seven years.

FREIGHTING IN MONTANA

CHAPTER VIII

More Recent Tragedies at Dillon

A recent Dillon paper gave accounts of at least three sudden deaths. An uncle by marriage at whose home I lived for two years was killed near Dillon, by being thrown from a wagon.

The companion of a woman who attended our services regularly was killed by a runaway team shortly after our missionaries left Dillon. And so I could continue to multiply incidents that resulted in the sudden and tragical deaths of many others, if I had time and space to do so. It is only with a sense of duty to God and my fellowmen that I relate any of them. My only desire is to glorify Him, and to tell people that there is a limit beyond which His forbearance will not go.

But to do the subject justice and to give the reader a fair idea of what took place following the rejection of the Gospel and the persecution of our people, it is no more than fair that a few other incidents should be related.

Dillon Tribune, Feb. 23d, 1906.

Dillon was shocked yesterday morning by the news that F. C. Kress, Editor and Publisher of the *Dillon Examiner,* was dead. His body was discovered by Dr. W. V. Kingsbury at an early hour yesterday morning. On Wednesday Mr. Kress was hardly able to attend to his duties at the *Examiner's* office, having been ailing for several days. Wednesday evening while eating his dinner in a restaurant where he was boarding during the absence of his wife, he was apparently attacked by asthma, complaining that he had difficulty in breathing. His friends were notified and he was removed to his home on South Washington St. Dr. Kingsbury remained with him until after midnight, and as he was then much recovered and apparently not in serious danger, Dr. Kingsbury stepped over to his home a little while.

At an early hour Dr. Kingsbury saw a light in the Kress home, and he immediately went back there and discovered Mr. Kress dead. * * The whole community mourns the death of Mr. Kress, who has been a leading citizen of Dillon ever since he made his home here a number of years ago, etc.

Mr. Kress was one of the editors that took sides with the townspeople when my brother received such shameful treatment at their hands, and no doubt the avenging angel decided not to spare him.

A TERRIBLE CHARGE

E. Kelley Wanted

If reports are correct, one of the most outrageously inhuman crimes ever committed in the state was committed in Dillon last Sunday morning, between the hours of two and five o'clock, and one that would have resulted in immediate hanging in the early days.

The crime, the nature of which I do not care to relate, was committed a few months after my brother's shameful treatment by the people of Dillon. The guilty person was a young man twenty-seven years old, the victim an aged woman.

Dillon Tribune, Sept. 18th, 1904.

Mrs. Harriet M. Stout, aunt of A. L. Stone, died at his home in this city about 11:20 last night. Her death was very unexpected as she had been only ill since Wednesday. And when the physician left the house about 9 o'clock last evening, her condition was so much improved that he said she would be very much better in the morning. However, the end came a little over two hours later.

Mr. Stone was one of our bitterest foes.

DILLON'S CRIMINAL CASES

Monday morning at 9 o'clock the usual hour for the opening of the court, the news that Judge Parker was unable to be present was given out. * * The

news was a complete surprise to all present. While regretting Judge Parker's inability to attend court at this season, it might not be inopportune to touch briefly on the volume of business to be done in the court of this county. There are now one hundred cases on the docket for trial or settlement, twenty of which are criminal cases with defendants either in the county jail or out on bail.

This will give some idea of the criminal record of Dillon and Beaverhead County, judging from the volume of business that was to be attended to at the September court.

SUICIDE BY TAKING MORPHINE

Word was received at Dillon Monday that Giles, employed on the ranch of Al. Noyes, had committed suicide. On Thursday he took a dose of morphine, dying at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

WILFRED VERMILION MURDERED IN SALT LAKE

Wilfred A. S. Vermilion was murdered in his drug store by some thief who tried to rob the place, —this is the belief of those who are investigating the matter. * * Vermilion's father arrived last evening from Dillon, Mont. He conferred with Coroner Frank Clark. He will leave no stone unturned in running down the man who shot his son.

Wilfred Vermilion came to Dillon with his parents when a small boy. He received his education in the Dillon schools, grew up to manhood here and

was ever a model boy and man. Those who have known him have always admired him for his excellent character, his honesty and the high ideals which he held. His father put him in business in Salt Lake only a few months ago and he was succeeding most admirably, having more than doubled the business of the drug store he had bought since he had secured the ownership.

The family have the sympathy of all Dillon. Wilfred was the only boy and was the idol of the family. The father took the greatest pride in telling of the success with which his son was meeting, and while waiting for the train Tuesday morning he was talking to the night depot agent, telling him that he was just starting for a visit with his boy at Salt Lake, who was in the drug business and doing so well, at the same time little dreaming that a telegram had been received a few minutes before by the night man saying that Fred had been fatally shot.

Wilfred had taken all the degrees in Masonry that he could obtain in Dillon, having finished up in the Knights Templar on New Year's Eve, last December. *Dillon Tribune,* Aug. 26th, 1904.

Same Issue.

PROF. E. J. PASSMORE IS DEAD—REPORTED DYING AT NOON—LATER MESSAGE SAID END HAD COME—BODY ARRIVED THIS EVENING

Prof. E. J. Passmore is very ill in St. James Hospital at Butte, and grave doubts are entertained

as to his recovery. He left yesterday afternoon with his wife and daughter for Seattle where he expected to gain in health, but after reaching Butte he was taken with a sinking spell and has been growing rapidly worse since.

A telephone message received here this morning announced his condition, and on all sides expressions of sorrow and sympathy for Mrs. Passmore have been heard.

Another message received just before going to press, states that Prof. Passmore died. Dillon is cast in gloom.

DEATH OF MISS VIOLA RICH

The funeral of the late Miss Viola Rich was held last Sunday afternoon at the Methodist Episcopal church. Rev. A. A. Luce conducted the services. The members of the Rebecca Lodge and the Woman's Relief Corps attended in a body, and the interment was under the auspices of the Rebecca Lodge, etc.

Miss Viola Rich had lived in Dillon twenty-four years. During that time she made every one her friend. To know her was to love her. Her character in every way was of the loveliest. Her patience under all reverses was remarkable. She was a devoted Christian and her life was one worthy to be taken as an example to be followed by any one. Needless to say that she will be greatly missed and Dillon mourns her loss.

Aug. 19th, 1906.

Over-indulgence in liquor led eleven-year-old John Hughes of Butte to an awful death last night be-

neath the car wheels of an excursion train returning from Dillon. Drunk from beer drank at a picnic the lad fell from the platform of the first car and the entire train passed over him. Hughes' right leg was severed at the hip. His right foot was smashed and his left arm cut off.

While the train was backing up to pick up young Hughes' body another fatality was averted only by the presence of mind of a young man whose name is not known. A man under the influence of liquor made his way to the platform and fell through. The unknown man grabbed his coat and succeeded in holding him off the rails until the train was stopped.

The Coroner's Jury called the attention of the Grand Jury to the fact that liquor was being sold to minors within the county.

WASON J. OLIVER WAS FOULLY MURDERED

Mr. Oliver Returned Sunday with the Remains—Funeral Held Monday Afternoon—Many Sympathizing Friends Attend—Story of the Crime, Pursuit and Capture.

The remains of Wason Oliver, accompanied by the father, W. M. Oliver, arrived at Dillon from Helena on the early morning train last Sunday. * * * The sadness of the scene witnessed by those who bore the remains of the murdered boy into his old home was beyond description and every heart was profoundly touched by the boundless grief of the family. The funeral took place at the home Monday afternoon, and a very large attendance made plain the

INDIAN GIRLS—PHOTO TAKEN NEAR DILLON

sympathy and sorrow of the Dillon people.

Services were conducted by Rev. Dr. Tilden, Pastor of the First Baptist Church, Rev. Dr. Martin of the Presbyterian Church, and Rev. S. D. Hooker of the Episcopal Church. The music was furnished by picked voices from the different choirs of the city.

Wason Oliver was born in Dillon May 13th, 1884. He was a member of one of Dillon's oldest and most highly respected families, his father at present being chairman of the Board of County Commissioners. He was sociable and of a kindly nature, and was especially considerate of his mother's great love, a trait always adorable. Although one who prized his home surroundings and the devotion of family ties, he desired to personally seek and make his own home and therefore left Dillon about two years ago for the Pacific Coast with a view of locating there should he find it desirable. Later, he returned to Dillon and last May left here for the Alberta country in Canada, for the purpose of taking up land. * * *

Early last month he started for home for the purpose of wintering his stock here. He had an excellent outfit, five splendid horses and some money, and for these he was murdered near Wolfe Creek, about forty miles north of Helena by a Frenchman with whom he was traveling.

The Helena Independent says, W. J. Oliver, the young man from Beaverhead County, whose body was found in a shallow grave near Wolfe Creek, Friday, was killed by a single

blow on the right side of the head, the weapon being a neck-yoke or round iron bar. It will not be necessary to give the details of this story.

We have persons in our institution who were personally acquainted with young Oliver. They knew something of his life and declare that they believe he caused more sorrow in homes in Beaverhead County than any other of its young men. One of these persons, a young man, heard Mr. Oliver boast of the liberties he had taken with certain young women and at the same time mark another victim to be sacrificed on the red-flamed altar of passion.

The *Tribune* states that he went to the Pacific Coast to seek and make a home of his own and that later he returned to Dillon and left for the Alberta country in Canada. Did he not seek other environments because he was compelled to do so? With all the necktie tragedies for which Dillon has been famous, if reports are true it is a wonder that this young man made his escape beyond the borders of Beaverhead County.

It seems to have ever been the policy of the *Tribune* Editor to cover up facts, especially

those that might cause his patrons embarrassment. It would not do for the *Tribune* office not to be fragrant with the scent of Dillon's roses, therefore every unclean odor must be banished as quickly as possible.

In the same issue.

OWEN ELLIS IS KILLED BY SID HOUK

The shooting occurred about 5 o'clock this morning. So far as we have been able to learn the particulars are as follows:—

Ted Ellis, brother of Owen Ellis, was engaged in a poker game with Houk, and the two became involved in a dispute which ended in a fight. Owen Ellis went to the assistance of his brother. Houk said, "I will kill you," rushed from the room, secured his gun and fired, instantly killing him.

THOMAS H. HAMILTON PASSED AWAY LAST NIGHT

Thomas Hamilton, traveled extensively throughout the United States, making life as pleasant for himself as possible, etc. Funeral will take place Monday afternoon.

Tribune, Oct. 13th, 1905.

In less than two years three, whom we may call Dillon boys, have been foully murdered, Wilfred Vermilion, James McLaughlin and Wason Oliver. None

of the cowardly perpetrators of these bloody crimes have so far been brought to justice.

Tribune, Aug. 3d, 1906.

MET AN AWFUL DEATH

Small son of J. C. Harrison Trampled to Death By Bunch of Stampeded Horses.

A terrible accident happened to Ralph Edward Harrison the eight-year-old son of J. C. Harrison of the Upper Grasshopper last Tuesday evening, which resulted in the boy's death yesterday morning. About 7:30 o'clock the boy went out to a corral where a number of work horses were confined, for the purpose of turning them into a pasture to get water at a near-by creek. Just as he started to open the gate the animals became frightened from some cause and stampeded to the gate. In the rush the gate was knocked open and the boy thrown to the ground directly in front of the horses. The entire bunch ran over him trampling him in a terrible manner. Besides being bruised and cut, it was found by Dr. Reyburn who was summoned from Bannack, that his skull was badly crushed.

The boy was afterward taken by his parents to a Butte Hospital where he was placed under the care of skilful physicians, but in spite of all they could do he succumbed to his injuries and died.

The parents arrived on last evening's train accompanied by the remains of their boy. The funeral

was held this afternoon at the Methodist church. A large number of sorrowing friends attended the funeral and accompanied the body to the cemetery. Many floral offerings were heaped upon the casket at the church and later placed upon the grave at the cemetery. . The sorrowing relatives had the heartfelt sympathy of the entire community.

The father of Ralph Harrison is an own uncle of the writer, he is my mother's youngest brother. He was brought up under Christian influences and attended the tent meeting my brother Charles and myself held at Dillon. He sought the Lord at the altar, but failed to pay the price.

Dillon Examiner, March 7th, 1906.

GRIM REAPER CALLS ANOTHER

Clair Baker, a Well Known Young Man of This City, Died suddenly in California. The News of the Death Came as a Shock to His Family and Friends. Funeral Services Held Monday Afternoon at the Family Home in this City. Conducted by Rev. A. B. Martin of the Presbyterian Church.

On Thursday afternoon, March 1st, the electric wires flashed the sad message that Clair Baker, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Baker had passed away suddenly at Los Angeles, Cal. The whole community was greatly shocked by this wholly unexpected

intelligence, and all hearts throbbed in sympathy with the grief-stricken parents to whom the blow came without warning, like a bolt from a clear sky.

This young man had not been feeling well, but was up and about, and did not deem it necessary to have attendance during the night.

He apparently dropped to sleep, and probably in the early hours of the morning when the vital powers are at their lowest ebb, his heart ceased to beat. They found him lying in a serene and peaceful slumber Thursday, with no evidence of suffering whatever. The angel of death had come to him unawares.

Same Issue.

CHRISTIAN DARNUTZER DIED AT HIS HOUSE NEAR DILLON SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

He is the third old-timer from this vicinity to cross the great divide in less than three weeks. *Butte Miner.*

Dillon Tribune, May 25th, 1906.

THOMAS W. POINDEXTER PASSES BEYOND

An Honored Dillon Citizen and Former State Auditor Succumbed to Illness Last Tuesday.

Funeral took place yesterday under the auspices of the Masonic Lodge.

Dillon Tribune, Aug. 10th, 1906.

MISS STELLA MORSE PASSES AWAY.

A Prominent Dillon Woman Succumbs to Bright's

ON THE CREST OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

Disease—Death Came Wednesday Afternoon—Deceased was one of Dillon's Most Highly Respected Ladies.

Dillon Tribune, July 20th, 1906.

CHARLES DEPUTY KILLED BY HORSE SUNDAY

While Enroute to Twin Bridges He Mounted His Unsaddled Race Horse and Was Riding it Down the Road When It Fell, Killing Him,—Funeral Was Held in Dillon Tuesday.

The shocking news was phoned to Dillon last Sunday morning from Twin Bridges that Charles Deputy was killed near there Sunday morning by a horse falling with him. When last seen by his companions before going round a turn in the road he was going along at a short gallop. He was found lying in the road just breathing his last. There was a rock in the road about a large as a man's fist upon which the horse had stepped and tripped. He apparently fell and rolled entirely over on top of his owner, for the horse had dirt all over his back. The horse's tracks showed he was going in a short canter when he fell. Three of Mr. Deputy's ribs were broken and his skull fractured. He never spoke a word or regained consciousness after he was found. The remains were brought to Dillon.

Same Issue.

DEAD MAN WAS PROBABLY A U. S. SOLDIER

The Coroner's inquest over the remains of the

man found in Beaverhead River last Friday by Isaac Hall and B. F. Black, was held at the Court House last Saturday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock. The Coroner's Jury was composed of James G. Erwin, Wm. Phillips, Jasper Nelson, F. P. Harrison, and Niel Sharkey. After hearing all the evidence concerning the dead man they returned a verdict that the deceased came to his death through unknown causes.

Dillon Tribune, Sept. 29th, 1906.

IRVIN RICH KILLED BY THE CARS LAST NIGHT

Was Struck by a Locomotive while Walking on the Track in the Northern Pacific Yards at Livingston.

Irvin Rich came here with his father when two years of age and has spent almost his entire life here. He was a member of the graduating class of the Beaverhead High School, and then went to Bozeman and attended the Agricultural College for several months. About a month ago he left Bozeman for Livingston.

He was a steady, moral and upright young man, who made friends readily and was well liked by all who knew him. His untimely end will be deeply regretted, both in Dillon and different parts of the state where he was known.

WILLIAM PAIMENT MET A HORRIBLE DEATH

Well Respected Horse Prairie Resident Crushed Under Wagon While Hauling Load of Wood from the Mountain.

He was returning with a load of wood. The brake on the wagon broke while descending a hill and the team ran away. He was thrown beneath the wagon and fell under the wheels, two of them passing over his body just below the lungs, fearfully crushing him. He was unable to rise and supposing that he would have to spend the night on the hillside before being found, he dragged himself to the shelter of a pine tree about 300 yards distance.

Mr. Paiment came to Beaverhead County about three years ago and took charge of the Grant Hotel on the Redrock and Salmon City road. He made quite a number of acquaintances in Dillon and all who knew him regret exceedingly his untimely end.

It is unnecessary to add to names on the long death roll. The reader has had enough to convince him of the truth of the assertion that the avenging hand of the Almighty has been stretched out over this little town and the inhabitants of Beaverhead County.

The following in part was taken from the *Anaconda Standard* in 1907.

HAD DILLON A HOODOO? QUESTION OF CONCERN

Sudden Deaths of Recent Weeks Discussed

Developments of the past few weeks have made the superstitious people of Beaverhead County sit up and think a little bit, for there have been five violent deaths of residents of that section within two

weeks, and it must be remembered that Dillon is not a very big town to have this record. The first death was when a range rider who had just secured a good position as trapper in the Big Hole National Forest, had his horse jump from under him, sustaining a fracture of the skull from which he died a few days later.

The next fatal accident was when a member of a threshing crew visited a ranch a few miles from town, got his foot caught in a buggy wheel and was threshed and pounded to death.

It was only a few days later until Frank Brady, a one-armed bronco breaker, who had been in the Beaverhead Valley for more than twenty years, was thrown from a wagon during a runaway and killed.

Monday, William Stevenson was also killed by being thrown out of a wagon during a runaway, and just a few days ago one of the most beloved matrons in the entire Southern part of Montana destroyed herself in an inn at Los Angeles.

This record has set people of Southern Montana thinking about their persecution of the holiness sect, and the visitors to Butte from the Beaverhead metropolis during the past few days seem much concerned about the record and are wondering whose turn will be next.

In this article an account is given of the treatment my brother received at the hands of the Dillonites, and the question is asked if this

is not the cause of a curse being placed upon the prosperous town.

Their question is, "Did the members of this organization because of the ill treatment of their leaders pray that sudden death, woe and pestilence, would be the fate of all who lived in the town on the banks of the Blacktail?"

It is plain to be seen by this article that God Almighty let the inhabitants of Dillon know why the scourge of death was upon them. When people are punished they usually know for what cause it has been permitted.

To show that the work of destruction was still going on in 1908, in and about Dillon, I take the following from the *Tribune* of Jan. 3d, 1908.

A SHOCKING NEW YEAR TRAGEDY

Fred Baker Shoots Ed. Lawrence at the Hour the Latter was to have Married the Former's Daughter. Father Claims Self Defense for Act.

"I was inside my house and protecting my home and family. I believe I was justified in shooting Lawrence." Fred Baker.

"Nora screamed murder and Ed. jerked loose from Mrs. Baker and ran to the door to save Nora, thinking Baker was killing her." Al. Lawrence.

One of the most sensational shootings that ever took place in Dillon, occurred at the home of Fred

Baker, on Kentucky Avenue, Wednesday afternoon, when Baker shot E. A. Lawrence, a young man from Butte, who was just on the eve of wedding Nora, the sixteen-year-old daughter of Baker. Lawrence lingered until 8 o'clock in the evening, when he breathed his last. Baker quietly submitted to arrest within fifteen minutes after the shooting and was put in the county jail by Sheriff Gist.

The whole affair was most sensational and sad. That which should have been the happiest, jolliest and most joyous event in Dillon on the Glad New Year, was suddenly changed to one of grief and mourning, sorrow and regrets. Instead of a peaceful wedding with all the joys which such an event usually witnesses, there is a disappointed bride, a funeral and a father behind prison bars.

For some time following the shooting hysterical women ran up and down the street, and the little sixteen year old bride-to-be, screamed and rushed up and down the road, dressed in a beautiful pure white wedding gown; men were moved to tears as they gazed upon the young man struggling for breath while his own blood choked him, a gaping wound just over the eye, the blood flowed down his face and stained his white vest, collar and tie crimson; it spattered upon a folded white paper that protruded from his inside coat pocket on which the words could be read, "Marriage License." The young man who met this tragic death was Edgar A. Lawrence. He was born in Butte twenty-two years ago. He has resided in Dillon and vicinity for the past sixteen years. * *

The parlor had been tidied up for the occasion; the services of Justice Rich had been secured: the bride had been dressed for the event; the groom had donned a suit of black, with white vest, shirt, and tie, and patent leather shoes. The father was dressing for the event that was to take place in a few minutes, when suddenly the storm fell in all its fury and the clear sky of approaching happiness was changed to a dismal scene of trouble and grief.

The *Tribune* says also that some sensational stories had been spread concerning what had been going on between Miss Baker and young Mr. Lawrence, that there had been trouble between Baker and Lawrence, and that the alleged misconduct of Lawrence toward Nora was all smoothed over, and that Mr. and Mrs. Baker had given their consent for the two young people to marry.

It will not be necessary to go into the details of this horrible affair; enough has been said to give the reader a fair idea of what was at the bottom of all the trouble. The appearance at the wedding of one of Mr. Lawrence's friends who had beaten Mr. Baker a few days before in connection with the affair, was the immediate cause of the outbreak that resulted in the shooting. It seems that Mr. Lawrence, against the protests of Mr.

MOUNTAIN STREAM—SNOW-CAPPED PEAK IN THE DISTANCE

Baker persisted in having the young man attend his wedding, who had grossly insulted and beaten the father of his fiance.

The calamities that followed the persecution of our people at Dillon were not manifested alone in sudden and tragical deaths. If the inmost thoughts of hearts could be read it would be found that homes are draped in mourning over unspeakable crimes that have been committed, where the jewels of a spotless character have been snatched from the breasts of young women who have become the victims of the demon of lust, and some who tried to cover their shame have resorted to measures that have resulted in broken down health or death. Be assured, calamity never comes single-handed. The various forms of the sins of the flesh go hand in hand with murder, and Dillon, for her population has certainly had her share to put on record. This little Philistine town in the Beaverhead Valley has made a record that will be remembered by the living and read by the generations to come.

In the next issue, Jan. 10th.

WALT HETRICK INSTANTLY KILLED

Left Cab of Engine without Letting Engineer Hughes Know about It.

A Peculiar Accident at Buxton. Short Line Fireman, Formerly of Dillon, Met Instant Death last Evening.

The south bound passenger train last evening was more than an hour late. The cause of delay was not ascertained until the train rolled in, when it was learned that the delay was occasioned by the fireman, Walter Hetrick's being killed at Buxton, a station a few miles this side of Silver Bow Junction. * * * Ed. Hughes started to back into a switch to couple on. He thought that his fireman was in the cab, when it seems that Hetrick had climbed from the cab without saying anything to Mr. Hughes and was engaged in working around the machinery of the engine. No one knows what he was doing. At any rate his head was caught somewhere in the machinery, supposedly between the side rod and running board, and the whole side of his head crushed. Death must have been instant. The deceased resided in Dillon most of last year. * * He was employed as fireman out of Dillon on helper, for D. D. Kneeland. The last few months he had been promoted to a passenger run out of Butte. He leaves a wife and four children.

Same issue, Jan. 10th, 1908.

AN UNKNOWN KILLED

Body Found at Side of Railroad Track this Morning. Met Death Mile North of City.

This morning when Nels Christensen took his bunch of Jap section men up the track toward the river he discovered a dead man lying at the side of

the track about 100 yards this side of Beaverhead River. He returned to town and notified Coroner Walker, returned to the spot with a number of others and brought the body to Dillon. The man was apparently killed by the cars. He was lying on the end of the ties, his head just clear of the ties. A great pool of blood on the rail showed where the wheels had crushed his head.

When his clothes were searched at the undertaker's establishment not a scrap of paper was found to identify the fellow. On the little finger of his left hand was a fancy gold ring with a heart on it. He wore good work clothes, good lace shoes and new overshoes, dark brown woolen shirt, lavender tie, dark salt and pepper coat and good underwear.

In this same issue, Foote, the *Tribune* editor, poured out his wrath against the official organ of our Church. He got the name mixed, however, with that of another paper. He said that a conductor on the O. S. L. had one of these papers in his pocket and had made the statement that some of our people were planning another campaign for Dillon. He closed his remarks by saying that to be forewarned is to be forearmed. This man in looking out for his interests, wants to keep his foot(e) in a bank of Dillon's roses.

However, there was no truth in the state-

ment that any of our people were planning another campaign for Dillon.

Same issue.

Tribune, Jan. 10th, 1908.

ANOTHER FATAL ACCIDENT OCCURS

Young Man Smothered in a Sewer Ditch while Making Connection.

Roy Gilman Caught by Cave-in. Life Was Extinct when the Accident Was Discovered by Henry Burfiend Wednesday Afternoon.

A sad accident occurred Wednesday afternoon, which resulted in the death of Roy Gilman, a young man seventeen years of age, who was employed by the Dart Hardware Company. * * *

About 3 o'clock the Dart Hardware Company sent Roy Gilman up to Mr. Burfiend's to connect the residence with the city sewer. The young man went to work shortly after 3 o'clock. About 4:30 o'clock Mr. Burfiend stepped out to the buggy shed in which the young man had been working to see how he was getting along with the work and to his amazement he found that the south side of the ditch had caved in upon the young man. One arm and one leg were protruding from the dirt. Being unable to pull the boy out, he hastily summoned assistance in the person of Duke Gilbert and the two dug the boy out as quickly as possible. His limbs were still warm and his body limber when they got him to the top of the ground. * * No one knows how long the body had been cov-

ered, but the condition of the body indicated that he had met with the accident perhaps three quarters of an hour before.

Roy Gilman was a nephew of A. L. Stone, cashier of the State Bank of Dillon. He came here from Leavenworth, Kansas about three weeks ago and accepted a position with the Dart Hardware Company in the plumbing department. The father, J. M. Gilman, and mother, who is Mr. Stone's sister, reside in Leavenworth, Kansas.

The many sudden and tragical deaths in and about Dillon were evidently getting the *Tribune* Editor into close quarters, judging from the following article, printed in the Jan. 17th, 1908 issue, under the heading,

HE IS NOT GUILTY

After having referred to the burning of the Iroquois Theater, he says,

Now comes another great catastrophe, 175 lives are snuffed out in a theater building in a Pennsylvania town, while a church performance was being given for a Lutheran Church. A gas tank exploded, the house took fire, and whole families were wiped out of existence.

Now what the believers in the works of Providence will have to say remains to be seen. As for us, the theory of providential interference in human affairs on this terrestial globe appears to be a delusion

and a fake. Catastrophes occur and wipe out happy and contented lives in buildings where performances for the uplifting and betterment of mankind are going on, as well as in places of so-called worldly amusement; the lightning splits asunder the lofty church steeple when a flag pole is convenient. The floods destroy the crops and homes of the righteous; affliction smites the preacher in the midst of a church revival, and in the end death claims us all.

The fact of it is that the only lesson to be drawn from these deplorable catastrophes (Mr. Foote no doubt had in mind those that were happening in and about Dillon) is from criminal negligence on the part of common every-day men in handling dangerous gas tanks or wiring a building for electric light, and so forth (he may as well have said, and handling dangerous horses), and we believe that the Almighty is entirely innocent in having any hand in such affairs, and the apparent case made out against Him by fanatical believers should be non-suited."

This editor is no doubt trying to justify himself in the part he took in the persecution of God's people at Dillon, inasmuch as he has had to record the long list of tragical and untimely deaths. I imagine that the swift judgments of the Almighty are getting close to his nerve and he wonders where the lightning bolts are going to strike next.

His ideas of a soul-saving institution are

brought out in his endorsement of certain Church performances. He apparently has no conception of the true standard of Christianity.

There is no greater evidence of the apostate condition of the old denominations than their Church entertainments, which often consist of rummage sales, donkey shows, ice-cream socials, teas, and other performances where almost any extremes are resorted to in order to get money, and this is done while their members are hoarding up wealth.

He speaks of lightning striking the high church steeple instead of the flag pole. If New Testament principles and simplicity were carried out there would never be a high church steeple. It is an unnecessary addition to the house of God, and points to worldliness and pride in the hearts of the worshipers. From a Scriptural point of view it would be like the Almighty to pass by the flag pole and strike the church steeple.

A false professor endorses all kinds of hypocrisy and departures from New Testament principles.

The editor's chief stock in trade seems to be a whitewash brush—he seems to be engaged in the whitewash business.

The following account of a Dillon pastor, Rev. A. B. Martin, was taken from the *Dillon Tribune,* Jan. 14th, 1910, four years after the main body of this book was written.

DR. A. B. MARTIN STRICKEN BY DEATH

Suddenly Succumbs a few Minutes after Officiating at a Wedding

A pall of sadness was thrown over the entire city last Sunday evening by the shocking news being telephoned and being passed to nearly every house in the city, of the sudden death of Dr. A. B. Martin, pastor of the Presbyterian Church. Dr. Martin accompanied by his wife went to the Metlen Hotel, where he was to officiate at the wedding of Mr. A. Tash, and Miss Anna Lennerman, two well known and popular people of this city.

OFFICIATED AT THE WEDDING

The wedding took place in the Metlen parlors about 6 o'clock, Dr. Martin performing the ceremony. Immediately following the wedding and congratulations of the few friends and relatives of the contracting parties present, all repaired to the dining room where a sumptuous wedding dinner was served. Shortly after 7 o'clock, Dr. Martin excused himself and wife, stating that they must hasten to the Presbyterian church where he would deliver his usual evening sermon. They left the dining tables and passed into the front parlor of the hotel, Dr. Martin pleasantly greeting various friends as he passed from

the dining room and hallway. He appeared in the jolliest of spirits and was as happy as any one present.

Entering the parlor Dr. and Mrs. Martin seated themselves a few moments and engaged in a pleasant conversation with Archie Main, manager of the hotel. The Doctor reminding Mr. Main and a number of other young gentlemen about the hotel that they should be thinking upon engaging his services for occasions similar to that of the evening.

DEATH COMES SUDDENLY

The church bell rang at 7:30 o'clock, and Dr. Martin reached for his rubbers to put them on, before walking to the church, a distance of about four city blocks from the hotel. He put one of the rubbers on and reached for the other one. Just at that moment he suddenly straightened up, with a look of pain on his face, gasped and sank backward upon the sofa upon which he was sitting.

NO PARTING WORD

Both Mrs. Martin and Mr. Main were looking at him at the time and they thought he had fainted, the room being very warm. Mr. Main ran for some water and the screams of Mrs. Martin instantly brought a number of persons from the hotel office into the parlor. Those gathered around the prostrate man instantly saw that he was dead. However, several physicians were hastily summoned and they worked faithfully over him for some time to no purpose. He had died instantly without uttering a word. * * *

A messenger was sent to the church and the sad

BEAUTIFUL VALLEY IN THE MOUNTAINS

news of their beloved pastor's death announced. The people immediately left the church, tears streaming down the faces of many.

Messengers were sent to other churches in Dillon where services were in progress and the news announced from the pulpits and the services dismissed. At every church and in every home where the sad news was received, those hearing it were bowed down with grief, for Dr. Martin was one of the most loved ministers of the city.

MASONS TAKE CHARGE

Members of the Masonic bodies of Dillon removed the body to the Presbyterian Manse, where it was prepared for burial.

At the time our people were suffering persecution at Dillon we were completing our new Bible School and Church building at Denver. Here and at other places we met with occasional outbreaks on the part of the enemies of the Cross, but no extremes were resorted to compared with those of the people of Dillon. As true Christians, we expect that wherever the full Gospel is preached and sin is uncovered there will be antagonism. The very fact that we have these things to meet proves the validity of our credentials. At the same time the bitter antagonism of some of the Dillonites revealed the falsity of

their religion and the depravity of human character.

For any one to cry, "Peace, peace," when there is no peace, would be to bear the stamp of the fallen Church, and likewise suffer the penalty of her crimes in the day of God's visitation. The way of the Cross is that of loneliness and separation. To be completely surrendered to God is to forsake the world with all its vanity and pride, and to do this means to sever relationships when they block up our way and hinder our progress in the Christian life.

Cain and Abel were brothers, but the day came when there was no harmony between them, from the fact that Cain failed to pay the price to secure the approval of God upon his life. Abel brought an offering that was accepted of the Lord. This aroused the jealousy of his elder brother, and murder was the result. 1 John 3:15 says, "Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer: and ye know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him." Cain had hatred in his heart, and because Abel had found favor with God he slew him. People may have hatred in their hearts and yet be far from committing crimes, but there was

but little restraint upon the Dillonites. There had been too much red-handed crime in and about the place for them to be intimidated, and it mattered but little who the victims were.

A separation had to come in the home of Abraham. Ishmael no doubt would have killed Isaac, if he and his Egyptian mother had not been sent away. There was division between Esau and Jacob. Esau was a man of the chase. His pursuit symbolizes the works of the flesh. He made savory dishes for his father from the venison that he killed, while Jacob helped his mother at home. But the day came when there had to be a separation. Jacob obtained the birthright and had to flee for his life. The birthright symbolizes spiritual inheritance, and those who have it are always pursued by the elder brother, or those possessed of the carnal nature. When a person obtains salvation there is always a parting of the road. Those who fail to pay the price will often rise up in the bitterness of their hearts and seek to destroy his influence or even attempt to take his life. All the old beast wants is plenty of chain and if there were no restraining powers, he would go to his limit.

There was plenty of chain given him at Dillon, and there was no justice to be had in the courts. Mob violence hindered the course of law, and property was confiscated and held from its rightful owners as it was in the days of the Inquisition. The records in the county seat of Beaverhead County will show one of the most devilish schemes that was ever conceived in the minds of so-called civilized men to defeat justice. It stands out as a black deed on the records of those who endorsed such a course. The records will some day be judged and the guilty will quake under the zig-zag lightning of God's wrath. Be assured not a person will make his escape unless there is a mighty turning to God and whole-hearted repentance, and there is not much probability that this will ever take place. Men will go on, hard-hearted and rebellious, to face the great tribunal. There will be no interference with justice there. They will have to suffer the penalty of their sins.

Rev. 16:6-11 says, "For they have shed the blood of saints and prophets, and thou hast given them blood to drink; for they are worthy. * * And men were scorched with great heat, and blasphemed the name of God, which

hath power over these plagues: and they repented not to give him glory. And the fifth angel poured out his vial upon the seat of the beast; and his kingdom was full of darkness; and they gnawed their tongues for pain, And blasphemed the God of heaven because of their pains and their sores, and repented not of their deeds."

There are some persons who will never repent, their damnation is already sealed. The demonstration of God's wrath has no effect upon them. They will stand unmoved in the bitterness and hardness of their hearts until the yawning gulf opens its mouth to receive them. They would rather die than to humble themselves and ask God and those whom they have wronged to forgive them.

Through years of hardening, Satan tightens his grip and holds them as the trophies of his achievements in his warfare against Christ and His kingdom.

One may trifle with his opportunities for a time and may not realize that a crisis is near, but it comes sooner or later, and he is either snatched as a brand from the burning, or left to suffer the wrath of God with those

who have said, "We will not have this man to reign over us."

The fair hand of promise reached out to Dillon and its inhabitants, but they knew not the day of mercy and their city has been the storm-center of God's wrath ever since.

The old Jewish hierarchy, became so corrupt that Jesus compared it to a black mulberry tree, and said to His disciples, "If ye had faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye might say unto this sycamine (black mulberry) tree, Be thou plucked up by the root, and be thou planted in the sea; and it should obey you" (Luke 17:6). The Jews had persecuted and killed God's prophets, and were waiting then for an opportunity to put to death His only begotten Son, whom He had sent to redeem them from destruction. There was nothing left to do but to root up the old tree, and it took the faith of the true Apostolic Church to do it.

Forty years later, the destruction of Jerusalem took place and the Jews were scattered to the ends of the earth. Their once proud nation disappeared and they dropped down in the great Gentile sea to be lashed with the waves of persecution for more than two thousand years. God has not forsaken them

entirely, but He has never removed the rod of correction. They have been followed by famine, pestilence and death. There have been times when it seemed there would be no one left to perpetuate the race. But true to God's word a remnant has survived all these things and still the veil is over their faces. How they have suffered and bemoaned their estate as they have been hounded and driven under the beastly powers of the half-civilized and barbarous nations, ever seeking rest and finding none!

As the destroying angel followed them from place to place, many of them gave up in despair and chose death rather than life. It is certainly a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God, but how few realize what it means to place themselves in a position to receive His curses rather than His blessings.

CHAPTER IX

Twenty-three Students and Preachers Imprisoned—Death of John Askew, the Officer who Arrested Them

During the fall and winter of 1903–04 some of the policemen of Denver showed hostility to our work in the street marches and open-air services. Among them was John Askew, who patrolled Sixteenth street, between Curtis and Larimer. On a Sunday evening our workers and students formed a procession at Eighteenth and Larimer streets, marched to Sixteenth, and up Sixteenth to Curtis street, where they were commanded by Mr. Askew to halt. There were perhaps 3,000 people following on the sidewalks, but there was no blocking of traffic until he stopped the procession, and soon several thousands of people were massed about the Tabor Grand Opera House.

Our people were carrying banners with different scripture texts. On one was printed, "Prepare to meet thy God." The officer deliberately took his club and smashed this banner. He ordered the other banners to be taken down, and struck two of

our workers and thrust them into the police box, and called for the patrol wagon.

I was not in the march and had taken no part in the open-air service, but was standing on the sidewalk, and in a position to see all that took place. Mr. Askew was furiously angry and immediately summoned other officers and hurried off about two dozen of the workers to the City Hall, while a number of other policemen were left to disperse the crowd.

I went to the City Hall and asked the Captain why our people had been arrested and imprisoned. He was very courteous and said he thought they would be out as soon as the crowd dispersed, and asked me to see that they went home through the side streets rather than the main thoroughfares.

Two hours later the prisoners were discharged. The next morning some of the officials, finding they had been let go, were very indignant and got out a warrant to re-arrest them. They were taken back, placed under bonds and released on my promise that they would return in ten days for trial. When the time came for the hearing they had the privilege of choosing between paying $25 each or

THE ARREST IN FRONT OF THE TABOR GRAND OPERA HOUSE

going to jail for two weeks. It would have cost $600 to have paid the sum required, and of course they went to jail.

The quarters to which the women were assigned were clean and neat, but the men were thrown in among the worst of criminals, in almost the vilest place imaginable. Some of them suffered greatly before morning. The few that were left out to push the work on the new building were so burdened over the affair they could scarcely do anything but pray. After twenty-four hours had passed I determined to see the Mayor at any cost. I found him at the Metropole Hotel early in the morning and laid the case before him. Later, he conferred with the Fire and Police Board, and our whole company was immediately released.

The strain of the day and the two nights that they were in prison was almost greater than words can express, not only because I knew some of them were suffering greatly from their unpleasant surroundings, but because their services were needed so badly in getting our building enclosed before wintry weather set in.

There was a time of rejoicing when all

came back from prison and work on the building was resumed.

As I thought and prayed over the affair, I felt that some one was going to suffer and scarcely was the trial over, until Askew was smitten by the hand of God, and in five weeks from the day he stopped the procession on Sixteenth street, on a Sunday evening, at the very hour that he made the arrest, he was dying. The following was taken from the *Denver Post*:—

PATROLLING LAST BEAT

Death has laid its clammy hand very suddenly on Askew, one of the largest and strongest of Denver's policemen, and accounted the handsomest man in the Department. Walking his beat a week ago, he is now so low that the attending physicians do not expect him to live. His death is hourly expected.

The young policeman will be remembered by almost every resident of Denver. He had the Sixteenth street beat between Larimer and Curtis, and his gigantic figure was always noticeable. More than six feet tall, weighing 225 pounds, with broad square shoulders and a handsome strong face, he was universally admired.

For several weeks Askew has been ailing, but kept at his work uncomplainingly. He knew death was approaching. * * * He kept on at his work, though he lost forty-three pounds in the last few

weeks and it was not until a week ago that he had to stop work. Sick as he was, Askew was still patrolling his beat when Chief Armstrong happened along. Learning that the man was sick the Chief ordered him to go home at once, or he would probably have worked until he fell.

It was not generally known, even among his fellow officers that Askew was ill until yesterday. Chief Armstrong, Captain Delaney and President Frank Adams of the Fire and Police Board, called at Askew's home, 1237 Welton street, yesterday afternoon, but he was already unconscious, and could not be aroused. The physicians said that this was the coma preceding death.

It is only three years since Askew was appointed on the Denver Police Force, but after a short experience he was found able and courageous, and was given the Sixteenth street beat, the most prominent in the city.

The following is a statement in the same issue of *The Post*.

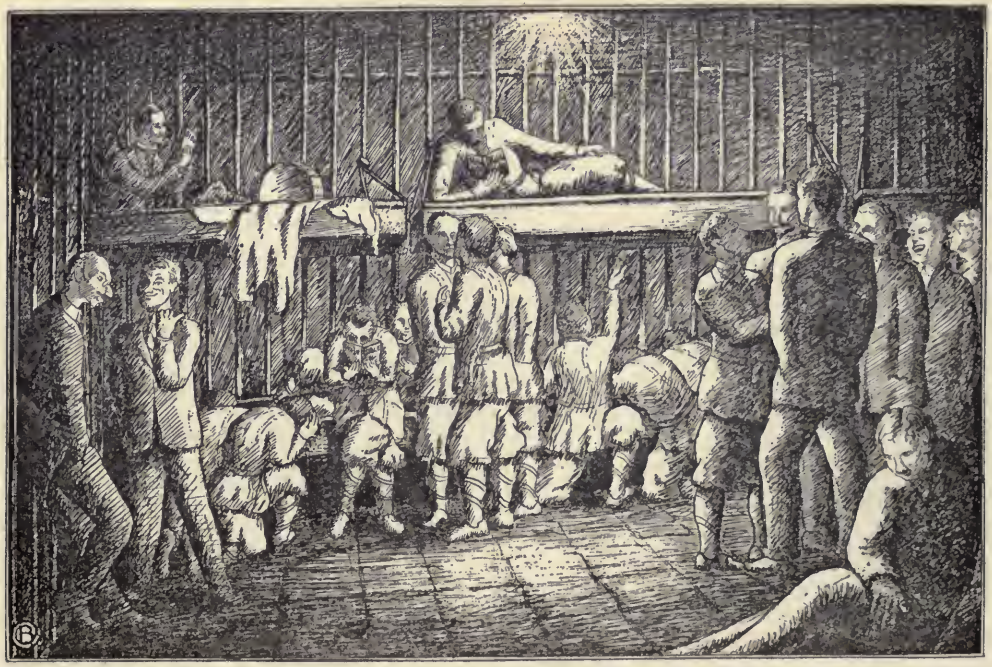
Mrs. White said, That policeman acted like a madman, he broke through our circle and knocked down our banner, which bore the inscription, "Prepare to Meet Thy God." That was five weeks ago, now Mr. Askew is in eternity. I knew that God would avenge His people. From the day he made the arrest he walked his beat practically a dead man. God is with us, and if they keep on more of them will become the victims of His wrath.

Mrs. White had reference to a Sunday a few weeks ago when Mr. Askew requested the Pillar of Fire people to cease their religious demonstrations on Sixteenth street. Askew jumping in among them struck some of the enthusiasts with his club and sent them all to jail in the patrol wagon.

PILLAR OF FIRE IN CONVENTION

The Pentecostal Union (Pillar of Fire) is holding a convention to celebrate the opening of their new building at 1845 Champa street. Mrs. White believes in nothing more or less than the old Methodist faith. We are just believers, she said, in old-fashioned Methodism. We have more demonstration than they had perhaps, but that is because we believe they did not have enough.

When the newsboys of Denver heard that I said that God's hand had been laid upon Mr. Askew in judgment, they gathered a hundred strong before the door of our auditorium and began hurling stones through the windows. They claimed that Mr. Askew had been their friend and they would be revenged. When they were doing their worst there was not an officer that would interfere with them. A number of our workers went out among the boys and tried to quiet them down and persuade them to cease from violence. A few of them were reasonable, but



PILLAR OF FIRE MISSIONARIES IN PRISON

the most of them were like hardened criminals. After the boys had made assaults on the building for three different evenings, screens were put over the windows. When they came the next time they found no further opportunity for their favorite pastime and quietly walked away. Shortly afterwards one of the ring-leaders died.

Large crowds filled our auditorium, and often many were turned away for want of seats. As messages were given from time to time under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, some softened and yielded, while others hardened, and it often became necessary to invite those who had habitually resisted the truth to leave the place and make room for others. I have invited hundreds to go at various times, under these conditions, and found every time when there was such an occurrence it worked out for good.

To have people like mere pew holders occupying space after they have let their opportunities for getting saved pass, is to block up the way of others, and I have resolved many times not to preach to such persons. There are always those who like to hear the music and see the demonstrations, who are unwilling to pay

the price after conditions are set before them. Such persons are unworthy, and it is humiliating to one who knows they are spurning the word of God to look into their faces and recognize them as having any part in a service, if no more than to occupy a seat. When God ceases to strive with people we might as well let them alone. Life is too short to waste time with such persons. They are on the broad road and have plenty to keep them company without taking our time.

As God's power continued to be manifested from day to day, many remarkable things took place. Often when souls were praying at the altar, persons would be present who came to criticize and find fault with our methods.

An old man living across the street, one of the leaders of the Holiness Association, and who professed to be enjoying the higher Christian life, attended one of our meetings. There were a number of persons at the altar crying to God for mercy. As our workers gathered around to pray for them, there was real travail of soul, and many who were present, who had never made a profession, were under deep conviction. In the midst of such a scene the old

man called it fanaticism and made other cruel and heartless remarks. He was warned by a person, who felt that he was on the verge of sinning against the Holy Ghost. But he refused to take the rebuke and continued to make remarks.

Two weeks later this man fell off a street car, and was picked up in a dying condition. He lived but a few minutes. Father Alcott, as he was called, was one of the persons who bitterly opposed our work. His name is recorded in the long list of those who suffered death or even worse than death because of the part they took in the fight against the preaching of the full Gospel. It was a sad ending for a man who had professed holiness and preached it for many years.

Some of our people attended a meeting in the hall where he sometimes presided at the services. On one occasion when some of them shouted and demonstrated their joy, he turned out all the lights.

CHAPTER X

God's Judgments on the Scott Family

Price Scott, my husband's brother-in-law, was burned out of his business at Beverly, West Virginia, in 1903, and came with his wife and five children to Denver. For several weeks his family were inmates of our Training School. There had been many prayers offered up for them and it was clearly understood that God had brought them to Denver. They arrived about the time the walls of our new building were going up and when we were badly in need of help. Mr. Scott was a good workman and might have assisted, but showed no inclination to do so. His excuse was that he had to provide for his family, and the fact is they were already being provided for among us. We assured him that his family would never suffer so long as God was so bountifully supplying our needs, and that they were perfectly welcome to share with us.

He saw the Lord working miracles every day in supplying food for the tables, and the

money that was needed in the construction of the building. He frankly acknowledged that he had never seen anything like it before. But with all the light and persuasion that was brought to bear upon him, he refused to take any part in the work, manifesting an independent spirit, and showing an unwillingness to have the needs of himself and family provided for through any process that he had not devised.

His favorite passage of scripture was 1 Timothy 5:8, "But if any provide not for his own, and specially those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." He perverted this scripture and refused to be corrected.

He acknowledged that several years before he had been called to preach the Gospel, but refused to obey, having made the excuse that he had a family to support, and did not wish to impose upon people. We tried to convince him that the first step to make was to pick up his tools and go to work on the building. But he persisted in having his own way, and day after day tramped the streets, looking for work. He spent weeks at this with little or no success.

A HUNDRED DOLLARS IN HIS TRUNK

During this time he had kept a hundred dollars hidden away in his trunk. It was not known that he had this money until after Lelia, his eldest child, came down with typhoid fever. When at her bedside one day, I asked her if there was anything she wanted. She replied, "I could eat some grapes, but papa will not spend any of his hundred dollars to buy them." I had one dollar in my pocket, but I took a part of this and bought the grapes.

The following morning our Scripture lesson was taken from 1 Kings 17, where the widow of Zarephath baked her last cake for Elijah, which was followed by the miraculous increase of the oil and the meal. Mr. Scott had the meal, but refused to bake the cake as the widow did, and there could be no miracle wrought in behalf of his family.

After many solicitations and repeated failures to get him to obey the Lord, and finding that he was hindering the faith of others, we told him the best thing for him to do was to rent a house and move his family into it. He was not expecting this, but set out at once to look for a house. One was secured not far from the School, and he often came in to

the morning class where the Lord continued to talk to him, giving him clear light as to what he should do. But he hardened under the messages, and his danger was apparent to all.

He refused to sever his connection with the old Presbyterian Church, of which he had been a member for years, and yet he claimed that there was no spirituality in it, and that he was practically out. But for some cause he was unwilling to write his church officials to remove his name. I knew by this time that he lacked sincerity or he would not have hesitated a moment to break all connections with an organization that he knew to be spiritually dead.

One morning when he was present at the prayer service I rose with a burning message. Unable to longer refrain from speaking, I told him that God's judgments were speedily coming upon him. I shall never forget the expressions on the faces of the students and others that were present. They trembled under what they believed was God's last message to him. In a state of rebellion he rose and left the room.

For months and even years we had been trying to raise a standard in the School against

old churchianity, and made a rule that none of our people should attend services at the different churches without permission. He knew all about our reasons for this, as the argument had been made in his hearing time and again. But notwithstanding he and his wife went to St. James M. E. Church to attend a service a few weeks later, knowing that they were doing so against the light and rules of the Institution.

Some may have blamed the woman, but she was not the ruling spirit in the Scott home, her husband dominated everything, and she, lacking will power, and being in delicate health, made but little resistance.

On returning from the church, where they had gone to hear a favorite evangelist, when in a few feet from the corner where they were to alight, Mrs. Scott stepped from the moving car, and the back of her head struck the ground, causing concussion of the brain from which she died two hours later. She never spoke after the accident.

We believe it was the mercy of the Lord that took her away, leaving her husband to suffer for his disobedience and rebellion. He was left with five children to care for, without

IN THE CHAMBER OF DEATH

friends or money, or even a position where he could earn wages. The care of the home and children was a heavy burden on Lelia, only fourteen years of age, who was just recovering from her long spell of fever. We begged him to let us take the little ones, but still he persisted in having his own way, saying that he intended to keep his children together.

My husband's mother, who came from West Virginia to attend the funeral of Mrs. Scott, her only daughter, lived with the family for a time, relieving Lelia of some of the burden. But everything continued to go against Mr. Scott, and to my knowledge he moved three times within a few months.

Having utterly failed in the West he decided to go back to West Virginia. He consented to bring his children and come to the Bible School the few days while he was making ready to go. During this time God gave him one more warning which stirred him to the depths. He retorted, "God can speak through others as well as you or other members of this organization, and I expect to get light from other sources and walk in it. I have yet to see or believe that the Pillar of Fire is the only religious movement

that can give a man light." In the mood that he was in it was useless for any one to talk to him. Lelia begged to be allowed to stay in the School, but he told her it would never do for her to be separated from the smaller children, and with sobs and tears she said, "I will have to go because Papa says so."

As he started down the steps with the baby in his arms, I said, "Mr. Scott, God's judgments are going to continue to fall upon you."

He replied, "I will risk it," and before reaching the foot of the stairs, said again, "I will risk it."

It surprised his acquaintances in West Virginia that he ever returned after having made a complete failure in business before leaving for the West.

Not long after his return, Lelia took quick consumption and died. She was sick only a few weeks. There was no one but the aged grandmother to look after the three small children, and she had her hands full at home.

Shortly after Lelia's death, Mr. Scott died also, and the younger children were left entirely in the care of their grandmother.

He was sick only a short time and no one was expecting him to die. A complete collapse of his physcial powers came suddenly. In his unconscious moments, he seemed to be planning to get back to the Bible School at Denver, and spoke of the hundred dollars in his trunk. He had reference to the money that he kept hid in his trunk while in our Bible School.

Mr. Scott wanted his way, and he had it for a short time.

The calamities that befell this family all took place in a little more than two years. The scripture says, "He, that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."

The following additional statement was made by my husband, shortly after the death of Mr. Scott:

"After coming to Denver, Price was clearly reclaimed in one of our meetings. He came out in a strong testimony, saying he had been a backslider for fifteen or twenty years, yet during this time was superintendent of a Sabbath-school and about the most active member of the Presbyterian Church in the community where he was reared. He saw the awful state of the old Church and the in-

dividual members, believing that they would all perish if something was not done for them. He spoke of the worldly choir in which he sang; of the evils existing there and of its hurtful influence upon his life. He told how for ten years he attended his lodge, I believe he said every Saturday night, making 520 Saturday nights away from his wife and children who needed him in the preparation for the Sabbath. He told what some of his troubles, difficulties and temptations had been and testified that a great change had been wrought in him, and the wife affirmed later that it was so. He rose from the altar with a covenant to do and be anything that God wanted, and believed that it would be to preach the Gospel, as the call was upon him in his early life. This was a voluntary, face to face transaction with God.

REFUSING TO WALK IN THE LIGHT

"Light kept coming as weeks passed, and the meaning of following Christ fully, began to dawn upon him more and more and he began to draw back. The family had been the subject of many prayers and now that he had started, the Lord tried to press him through. The Holy Spirit fanned upon him with His white wings and brought all influences possible

to press him to his goal. We were all alive to his every interest and incessantly implored God to take him through. The enemy of his soul got in, he lost sight of what God had shown him and set his heart on having a worldly position and managing his own life and course. He became unrestful and ran to get a position, but the Lord closed the way before him. Every morning upon seeing a newspaper notice, he would go out, thinking a position would be obtained, and if he failed he would say that next morning he would go to work on our building, but it would be the same thing over. We were pained over his persistent course, and the Spirit that got into him was seen not to be of God. He seemed driven on in desperation as though there were no God. When he would hasten away we knew that he would return without success. 'Just missed it,' 'Too late,' etc., he would say. The Lord had an open door and stood waiting for him to enter it. Oh, we thought, if he would only get quiet before God and get his bearings from heaven.

THE CRISIS IN HIS LIFE

"The crisis came in the Bible School one day in prayers, in an experience that will never

be erased from memory. It was one of those clear-cut, well defined workings of the Holy Spirit that was as plain to us as the hand-writing on the wall. Price could not read the end of that day's work, but some of us could. The warning message came as startling as a clap of thunder from a clear sky. A great burden came on the School for him and the Holy Spirit burned into hearts, prayers and exhortations in his behalf. Something dark hung about him. He was at the forks of the road. The pressure on him was so great that he took off his coat and stood on a chair and wrestled with God as Jacob, not for the victory, but to have his own way in life.

"What all there was in that hour that he held back, and the full meaning of becoming a 'living sacrifice' as God asked it from him, only eternity will reveal. He doubtless saw the loss of worldly friendships and preferments, the meaning of preaching the Gospel in this age of apostasy, of going without the gate with Christ and bearing the reproach, with the trials of a life of faith, the poverty on earth that makes one rich in Christ and lays up treasures in heaven. It was an awful moment. All heaven paused. The serpent of

the pit drew closer with confidence and raised to throw his spell over him and coil his influence about him. His course was not only being settled, but it was being settled in a way that would affect his family for time and eternity; then there were relatives and people of the world who were to rise or sink by his decision—lost by his not preaching the Gospel. Had he but lost his life for Christ's sake, he would have found it; had he but given up all, he would have gained all. He resisted and drew back. It cannot be told, the feeling that came over us. He not only pushed God out of his plans, but deliberately took his family out of His hands, and his eyes becoming blinded he purposed to and did set himself in his own course contrary to all warnings and entreaties. The die of his life was cast. I can see the angel under divine orders, that hour write his wife's name in the records of heaven for removal, and then the sweet-spirited, beautiful daughter, Lelia's name went down, both of whom were soon taken from earth; the first going almost in a flash never knowing what hurt her. Our hearts bled! We suffered as much over the suddenness of her departure as we did over all the deaths in

the family. By the first suffering we were prepared for the latter. When the published announcement came of Lelia's death and how she could say in her affliction, 'Dear Jesus, how I love you,' I read it to Mrs. White and her heart filled with sorrow and she said, 'Stop, I cannot stand it.' It brought to remembrance the scene in the room of prayer where Price rejected the light that shone squarely in his face when she came from the room feeling as though the flesh on her would burst under the power of God, saying, *'The judgments of God are coming upon him! Are coming upon him!'* As she emphasized it with the downward gesture of the hands, and her heart in agony, *I myself knew it was so! Too well, I knew it!*

"When he returned East, I would fain have thrown myself in front of him and stopped him by force from carrying the five children back, but there was nothing that could avail; he went leaving his wife's (my only sister's) remains under the shadow of the Rockies. Lelia suffered in the thought of returning, saying she never again could stand the formal, dead Church services.

"I am satisfied this family would all be

"I'LL RISK IT"

living today if God's will had been done. One could not believe otherwise, after going through what we did. I have told this as I would in a circle of family relations around the old hearth-stone at a late hour at night when the fire has died down, leaving but a few glimmering embers, when faces and forms grow dim, but the presence of all is real. It was around such firesides in my early life that the most solemn events were told, and carried to the chambers of sleep to be carefully weighed and thought over.

"To those who read this, let it find a place in your hearts to save you from presumption and rebellion against God."

CHAPTER XI

Swift Judgments

During the spring and summer following the completion of our new building, we were greatly annoyed by a Mr. L— who lived across the street from us. This was the man from whom we bought our lots and to whom later was given the contract to put up the building. We found him to be unreliable, and an enemy of every good cause. It was he who was responsible for the collapse of the building enterprise by getting into entanglements with the city officials causing the work to stop for a number of months.

This man was looked upon by our people as Sanballat, the enemy of Nehemiah in the rebuilding of the walls of Jerusalem. He pretended to be our friend, and was apparently anxious to see the work prosper, but at heart he had no good intentions whatever. He sought every opportunity to take the advantage of us, in his grasp for the dollar, and succeeded in getting much more than was due him.

As soon as we could get things entirely out of his hands, another contractor, a Mr. Hall, was employed, who gave satisfaction in every way. From the time the work passed out of Mr. L—'s hands he became our bitter foe, and sought every opportunity to work some underhanded scheme to overthrow the whole enterprise. The battle sometimes seemed almost more than we could bear, and in seeking consolation we often turned to the book of Nehemiah and read the story of the re-building of the walls of Jerusalem.

We had Sanballat to contend with just as truly as did Nehemiah.

After our walls had gone up and the building was enclosed, he became openly hostile, and boastingly declared that he would circulate a petition and get sufficient names to have our work closed up. He was not the owner of the lots we bought from him, but was simply the agent. He had every opportunity to take the advantage of us and force us to come to his terms.

After his contract was broken with us he built a new lodging house, or hotel, as he called it, and we believe that the money he made in his dealings with us, made it possible for him to

put up this building, and that he had in mind some scheme to get our property also. He was a political schemer and trickster, and had a large number of people under his influence.

On the evenings that our services were held he showed much discomfort and unrest, and would sit or walk in front of his hotel, unable to conceal his animosity. And occasionally during a week night service when there was a larger congregation than usual he would walk in and take a seat in the rear, evidently to get hold of something that he could use against us.

In the early part of the summer my husband and I went to Los Angeles for a few weeks. While there engaged in revival work, news reached us that this man was about to circulate the petition. I shall never forget what a blow it was to me. I knew that he would carry out his evil designs if there was not divine intervention as the people in that neighborhood were not very friendly toward us.

The day the letter was received we were having an all day prayer service in the Missionary Home where we were stopping, and souls were praying through and getting blest.

The Lord was present in power. But I felt that I must go to my room and pray alone. During the next five hours it seemed that the blood was almost dropping from my heart, and as the time approached to go to the evening service, I felt that God had heard my prayer and would avenge His own elect.

I went back to the prayer room and told those who were present that the Lord had given the victory, and that He was going to take the Sanballat of the Pillar of Fire movement in hand.

A few weeks later a large open-air meeting was being conducted by our missionaries and students in front of our building in Denver. I was looking out from a second story window, listening to the songs and testimonies of nearly a hundred of our students. I kept my eye on the hotel across the street, and its proprietor who was more restless than usual. A young man standing near him on the sidewalk was very much interested in the service, but for his own good was too close to the hotel. Mr. L— gave him a vicious look, and I thought I saw his lips move. But the young man was so interested he did not seem to notice him.

Mr. L— left his seat, rushed to his office, and came out shuffling something up his sleeve. I said, O my Lord, he has a club. Almost instantly the young man was given a terrific blow which sent him about ten feet. After getting on his feet he looked around, at a loss to know what had taken place, as Mr. L—, the hotel proprietor, had struck him in the back. The young man, badly frightened, soon disappeared.

Horrified at what had taken place, I said, My God, how long will you permit this man to go on in this way. If he is not going to repent it would be better for Thee to take him out of the world now, than to let him live on and have more on his record to account for. He had taken his seat again with a grin of satisfaction. I could not help but feel that the Avenger was close at hand.

About ten days later I was attending a meeting in Chicago, and some one brought me a paper with an account of a terrible railroad disaster near Pueblo, Colorado. There had been a cloud-burst, and a railroad bridge across a river, swept away. A Rio Grande train plunged over the banks into the awful chasm, and nearly ever person on board was killed or drowned.

There was but one car in the rear that did not go over.

I looked over the list of the dead, but saw the name of no one I knew. A later issue revealed the fact that the hotel proprietor had gone down in the awful wreck. A letter from my husband a few days later said that his remains had been brought back to Denver, and were then lying in the hotel across the street. He was dragged out of the mud and rubbish in the river bed, and presented an awful appearance. No words could describe the lifeless form.

Thus was the ending of the person who had given us so much trouble and who had lifted his arms of rebellion against the Almighty. The hotel which he built had a hundred bed rooms, besides other apartments. An electric sign on the top of the building flashed out his name. This hotel had a very fancy front, but was not substantially built and many said it was characteristic of the man.

His young wife with one child was left to conduct the business. Later, the Government bought the whole block on which to erect a United States Post-office, and Mrs. L—, was forced to sell her property. The hotel was

torn down and removed from the grounds, and the Government building, erected at a cost of $3,000,000 covers nearly the entire block.

The Lord has said that He would destroy the wicked both root and branch, and never were words more manifestly fulfilled than in the case of this man.

In the same block was the Coliseum Hall, the largest in Denver until the new auditorium on Champa and Fourteenth streets was built. We once held a Convention in the Coliseum Hall during which $2,000 was given to make the first payment on the lots where our building now stands.

In connection with this auditorium was a smaller hall, where the meetings of the Colorado Holiness Association were held. Among its members were our bitterest enemies. A fire destroyed the building and they were compelled to hunt other quarters. They had a humiliating experience which brought disgrace upon the association and later they disbanded altogether.

The Psalmist said, "I called upon the Lord in distress: the Lord answered me, and set me in a large place. The Lord is on my side; I will not fear: what can man do unto me? The

THE NEW DENVER POST-OFFICE

Lord taketh my part with them that help me: therefore shall I see my desire upon them that hate me. It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man. It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes. All nations compassed me about: but in the name of the Lord will I destroy them. * * * They compassed me about like bees; they are quenched as the fire of thorns: * * * The Lord is my strength and song, and is become my salvation" (Psa. 118).

How sure is the foundation of the righteous! God's word cannot fail, He will help those who help His people, and destroy those who fight against them. There is no alternative. When people hate and persecute those who trust in Him, they will have to suffer the consequences for He has promised to uphold the righteous by the right hand of His power, and to destroy all the workers of iniquity.

Nearly all who lived in this particular block on Champa street were enemies to our work. An old, gray-headed woman with children and grandchildren, showed much hostility. She kept the young people in her home from attending our services when they had a desire to serve the Lord. Afterwards her favorite grand-

daughter, unable to stem the tide of worldliness in the company where she was compelled to go, brought sorrow to the home. Other things happened which were equally as bad, which helped to clothe the home in mourning and finally break it up.

Judgments came quickly on those who opposed God's work and people. There were suicides, murders and disasters happening all around us. One could scarcely pick up a newspaper without reading the account of some one's being suddenly cut down, who had attended our services and failed to yield to the pleadings of the Spirit or had fought against the work. A woman becoming angry at what she read in one of our papers, tore it in pieces, and the next day dropped dead. All kinds of calamities came upon hypocritical professors, who had used their influence against the work. Truly the God who delivered the children of Israel from the Egyptians and sent judgments on all who tried to hinder them, was with us in demonstration and power.

When we had done our best, our extremity was His opportunity, and He would roll the sea away. When our feet were in the water's edge and the billows mountain high,

He would catch the flood with an unseen hand and let us pass over. Then on the banks of deliverance He would give us a song of praise and the gates of heaven would open over our souls.

Wonderful, wonderful, beyond words to tell,
Wonderful salvation, that makes our hearts swell.

To the best of my ability I have been trying to tell it for many years. There are times of special anointing when I feel the earthen vessel will break, but God knows just how much I can bear and stays His hand. Oh, if people could only know that it is possible to have a foretaste of heaven on earth they certainly would let go the trifling things of this world and place their affections on things above. Riches of grace are at their command. When my soul was ushered into the Holy of Holies, I was so enraptured with the face of Jesus and the depths of His infinite love, it seemed I would die if I could not make it known. And from day to day, I pressed forward, using all my ransomed powers, exhorting, singing, preaching and writing, trying to tell something of the heights, depths and breadths of this great salvation, though it seemed that all I could say or do was only a

drop in the ocean. But I was determined if He could use an instrument of clay to place myself at His command, whether it meant life or death. I knew it would mean the loss of all things, but some things were in the unknown bundle of consecration that were revealed later. But by the grace of God He has helped me to triumph.

When the enemy has severely pressed me, I have cried unto Him and He has never failed to reach out a helping hand. The path has not been strewn with roses, often the thorns have pricked my feet and I have been weary with unceasing toil, but thank God, it has not been irksome. It has been a pleasure to give Him my best and yet in doing so I felt I was an unprofitable servant. Oh, how often I have prayed to be saved from a life of selfishness, to be willing to be spent in behalf of others! And how wonderfully He has come and rewarded my efforts and multiplied my talents, and best of all given me the assurance that I was pleasing Him, however ungrateful others might be!

The enemy has never given me a thrust that has left any bitterness in my soul toward

STATE HOUSE, DENVER

anyone. He has worked through the dearest ties of earth and placed the dagger in their hand to plunge into the depths of my heart, but instead of a curse it has always proved to be a blessing. Because of the weakness of the flesh it was hard to bear, but I was perfectly willing to take anything that came, knowing that I had the promise that no instrument that was formed against me should prosper, and even though at times it seemed my life's blood was ebbing away, I have had no complaint against humanity. Romans 8:28 says, "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." And God's word assures us that if we suffer with Him we shall also reign with Him (2 Tim. 2:12). There is no way to get to heaven without taking the Calvary route, and the servant is not above his Lord. "For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust" (Psa. 103:14).

In order to lift up a New Testament standard of righteousness there have been times when I have been severe with people and after they have had sufficient warning and failed to profit by it, for Christ's sake I cut

them off and had no more fellowship with them. It was hard to do, often taking all my physical and spiritual strength, but God has never failed to show His approval and to reward me for keeping up the standard.

I have found that my worst foes have been among my own kinsfolk. The enemy has sought in every conceivable way through human relationships to defeat the work God has called me to do. He has taken the advantage of these ties and oftentimes cracked the lash over my head to force me into submission, and desperate conflicts have followed, but thank God, I have triumphed.

The rains have descended, the floods have come, the winds have blown and beat upon my house, but it has been unmoved. It is founded on the Rock, and storm and tempest have not been able to overthrow it. There is nothing of earth stronger than the human tie. The devil knows this, and along his line of defense raises great bulwarks to defeat the kingdom of Christ. If he should succeed the plan of salvation would be a failure and his triumph would be complete. But thank God there are a few people who are not totally blind to his schemes, and who would sacrifice the dearest

human ties rather than to give up Christ.

Farewell to the world with all its pomp and pride,
Jesus my Savior, in Thee I would abide.

If the enemies of the Cross who plunge so recklessly into the battle would only stop and think, reason would gain the pre-eminence and many calamities would be avoided. Those who become bold in their defiance of the truth usually do so with a conscience smiting them, and a little hesitancy and forethought would turn aside the judgments of the Almighty. God's word cannot fail. The past six thousand years of Bible history have proved this to be true. He is the Alpha and Omega, the first and the last. Man may get in between somewhere, but be assured God will be at the winding up of the conflict, and all flesh before Him shall be silent.

Isaiah, speaking of His anointed said, "I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Savior: I gave Egypt for thy ransom, Ethiopia and Seba for thee. Since thou wast precious in my sight thou hast been honorable, and I have loved thee: therefore I will give men for thee, and people for thy life. Fear not: for I am with thee: I will bring thy seed from the east and gather thee from the

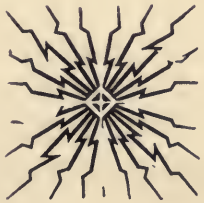
PARK SCENE, DENVER

west. I will say to the north, Give up; and to the south, Keep not back: bring my sons from far, and my daughters from the ends of the earth."

Many times when the enemy has made a desperate fight, I have been encouraged by the foregoing scripture. It hardly seemed possible that the Lord would work through such an instrument when there were others at hand that seemed far more competent. But in spite of their protests He has rejected them and cast them aside, and continued to pour out His blessings upon me, and to use me at the front of the battle, exposing hypocrisy in the churches. Scores of would-be leaders were set aside because they were unwilling to make the sacrifice and uncover sin. Many of them counted the cost and were not willing to pay the price, and today they are withered branches, tied up in bundles, ready to be burned. How hard it is for people to obey, when God says do this or that, or sit thou here, or stand still, or render service in some part of the vineyard that is not pleasing to them! They say they want to obey God, but at the same time they want to have their own way and make the Almighty come to their terms.

This He will never do. He may give them a little rope, but be assured there will be a time of reining up when they must consent to His decisions, or suffer the consequences. "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven."

TRUTH—16.



CHAPTER XII

God's Judgments in the Earth

The fulfilment of prophecy was mightily demonstrated in the earthquake disaster on the Pacific Coast in 1906. The whole country was horrified at the loss of property and human life, which came as the result of a single stroke from the hand of the Almighty. When conditions in San Francisco are understood one should not be surprised that nearly the whole city was wiped out. It must be remembered that there is a limit to God's forbearance, and it matters not whether many or few are involved. He is longsuffering and merciful, but when a decision to administer punishment has been reached, it often comes like a flash of lightning and whole cities and countries are left in desolation. Psalm 7:11-16 says, "God judgeth the righteous, and God is angry with the wicked every day. If he turn not, he will whet his sword; he hath bent his bow, and made it ready. He hath also prepared for him the instruments of death; he ordained his arrows against the persecutors. Behold, he travail-

eth with iniquity, and hath conceived mischief, and brought forth falsehood. He made a pit, and digged it, and is fallen into the ditch which he made. His mischief shall return upon his own head, and his violent dealing shall come down upon his own pate."

There is always the house of Saul and the house of David, and these two houses are closely connected. Their inmates are together for a time, but there comes a separation. Saul carries a javelin or a dagger under his cloak, and at a favorable time will seek to destroy the life of David, or the spiritual life. Hence, the Lord has said that a man's foes are they of his own household. It has been so all down the ages. David once lodged in the house of Saul and ate at his table. Saul, feeling that David would some day be heir to the throne, and inflamed with the fires of jealousy sought to take his life, even after David had brought such great deliverance for Israel by slaying Goliath.

For ten years David was pursued by his relentless foe. He was hounded like a deer from place to place, making hairbreadth escapes, and sometimes almost despairing of life, but there came an end to the battle. Saul,

who was once counted among the prophets, after he departed from the Lord sought consolation from the witch of Endor, and in that hour was rebuked by Samuel to the great consternation of the sorceress. God was still on his track, and as with most others who pursue such a course, Saul's life ended in tragedy.

God is merciful to those who have never been enlightened, but there are many stripes for those who know to do His will and do it not.

The calamities that have lately been visited upon the nation have started in the West and are traveling East, they have followed in the wake of the Pillar of Fire movement, and not only have there been individual calamities by the scores and hundreds, but whole cities have been in part or totally destroyed. Some towns have been wiped off the map by tornadoes, floods and fire. Through these many disasters God is awakening the people to their peril and giving us the opportunity to warn them to flee the wrath to come.

There has been much unbelief and indifference on the part of professed Christians in regard to divine retribution. Many have thought that God has no hand in such things,

that they come by mere chance. This is due to the fact that their spiritual senses are dull and they have no abhorrence for sin.

If they had no relish for the pleasures of this world or the things that are forbidden in God's word they would see things from an entirely different point of view and would expect calamity to fall on those who disobey God and have no reverence for His word.

Old Church apostasy is responsible for people's daring and unbelief. If the watchmen on the tower were giving out the warning there would not be so many taken unawares, but they are crying, "Peace and safety," while the storm-clouds of God's wrath continue to gather.

There was no thought of approaching calamity in San Francisco on the morning of April 18th, 1906, when the earth began to heave as though trying to get rid of an undesirable burden, resulting in the destruction of millions of dollars worth of property, the loss of many human lives, and rendering homeless by fire nearly 300,000 people, or almost the entire population of the city. God smote this modern Gomorrah as He did the cities of ancient times, its cup of iniquity was full. A

EFFECT OF THE EARTHQUAKE, SAN FRANCISCO

great majority of its population were pleasure seekers. There was not a city in the United States more thorougly given up to amusements than was this proud metropolis of the Pacific Coast.

Conrad's Opera Company had sold tickets to the amount of $120,000, on Monday preceding the calamity. This sale broke all previous records, but the great theater building was shaken to pieces and burned before the play came off. The company was afterward entreated to turn over the money to the relief of the sufferers. Had things gone on undisturbed there might have been twice $120,000 put into opera tickets, as it will be understood that the $120,000 was only a fore-installment from the sale of tickets. This shows the godless trend of a profligate people, and their total blindness to spiritual things.

Could other curtains be lifted and the scenes of debauchery in the city previous to its destruction, be depicted on the screens, God's reasons for wiping it out would be more forcibly apparent. Under the light of civilization we have no doubt that San Francisco was as deserving of punishment as Sodom and Gomorrah.

The Scriptures show that the Gentile Age is rapidly drawing to a close. Luke 21:11 says, "Great earthquakes shall be in divers places, and famines, and pestilences; and fearful sights and great signs shall there be from heaven." This is one of the prophecies to be fulfilled just preceding the coming of the Lord. Jesus says, "These are the beginning of sorrows."

The eruption of Mt. Vesuvius about the time of the San Francisco earthquake brought terror to those living along the Mediterranean. There were great numbers of earthquakes in the vicinity of Rome and it seemed for a time that the nations would awaken from their awful sleep. But people are prone to forget, and do so in the face of impending calamity.

The people at the Golden Gate who survived the disaster began to plan greater buildings. In their imaginations they saw the city rising from its ruins more permanent and beautiful than ever before, and they have accomplished their purpose. Buildings have been constructed that are supposed to be proof against earthquakes. It is just like the folly of man to attempt to do such a thing. We pity their intrepedity, knowing that God has

brought every work of man to naught as it has pleased Him to do since the world began. When He shakes a city down, people had better not tamper with the rubbish, lest another stroke should follow more deadly than the first.

In the study of God's word, we find that earthquakes are going to play an important part in the tribulation judgments. In the past centuries God used them to destroy peoples and cities whose cups of iniquity were full. The earth opened and swallowed up Korah's crowd who were rebelling against Moses, and the people pertaining to Korah went down alive into the pit. Afterwards fire came out and destroyed 250 men who offered incense, then followed the pestilence, destroying 14,000 people who were rebels at heart against God. The Lord knows how to sift the wicked out and purify an atmosphere that is polluted by iniquity.

Isaiah, in prophesying of God's judgments on Jerusalem, says, "Thou shalt be visited of the Lord of hosts with thunder, and with earthquake, and great noise, with storm and tempest, and the flame of devouring fire" (Isa. 29:6). "Yea, it shall be at an instant suddenly" (Isa. 29:5). Fire always follows earthquakes. The loss of life and the de-

struction of property in San Francisco by the earthquake were not so great, but it was the fire that followed which wrapped the city in a seething hell of flames and drove people mad in trying to make their escape.

GOD'S WHIRLWINDS

There are many people congratulating themselves on being out of the volcanic districts, but they seem to forget that they are in the course of the whirlwinds (cyclones). "The Lord hath his way in the whirlwind and the storm, and the clouds are the dust of his feet." In Oklahoma, towns have been almost swept out of existence by cyclones—God's whirlwinds. There is no building that a whirlwind cannot hurl from its foundation, nor tree so firmly rooted, but what it must succumb to its power when once in its embrace. At the very moment when people are saying, "Peace and safety," these monsters of the plains swoop down upon them and devastate everything in their course. Stories are told of happenings in their wake that are almost incredible. We have heard of their driving a board endwise through a house, and sucking the water out of a well. The destruction that follows their trail is similar to that of an earthquake. In

cities fire breaks out and the people are left homeless and starving.

EARTHQUAKES IN DIVERS PLACES

As the Gentile age draws to close, calamities will come thick and fast in different parts of the earth at the same time. Famines will follow and it will then be impossible to render assistance to the suffering and the dying. It was an easy matter for the people of the United States to come to the relief of those who were rendered destitute by the earthquake calamity on the Pacific Coast, but let a number of such disasters, and even greater, come at once, and one can readily see what the results will be. Should London, New York, Chicago and St. Petersburg receive shocks in rapid succession, or all at the same time, all the governmental powers of the globe would be paralyzed, military forces put to confusion, and mutiny, bloodshed and anarchy, would follow without restraint. There will be no such thing as law and order when the thirst for blood in human beings is inflamed by want, starvation and revenge. The walls of asylums, jails and penitentiaries will be shaken down, and hundreds and thousands of lunatics

and criminals allowed to roam the country, adding to the awful horrors those of unbridled passion and violence.

Let the reins of the English government be loosened in London alone and nearly seven millions of people turned loose to the ravages of famine and pestilence and you will have a state of affairs inconceivable in the mind of man, and too horrible to depict by word or pen. Ports would be captured, vessels seized, and all communications with other nations cut off. Should the laboring class of England once gain the ascendency there would be volleys of pent-up wrath and revenge that would burst forth, like the lava from the crater of a volcano, against the aristocracy, under whose tyrannical rule they have been kept in ignorance, poverty and wretchedness for centuries past. Records would be destroyed, property seized, and men of title slain.

It would be a question of only a little time when the whole island would be in the embrace of a famine, millions of dead bodies would be piled up without burial, while a deadly pestilential atmosphere would follow, and it would be impossible for any one to survive.

We are on the verge of something more

VIEW FROM NOB HILL, SAN FRANCISCO, AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE

dreadful than has ever been known since the foundation of the world. Infidelity is rapidly increasing and men are sinning against greater light than ever before. The spirit of antichrist is everywhere rearing its head in haughtiness and rebellion against God. His word is trampled under foot and scientific reasons given by the worldly wise for everything that is coming to pass. He will not endure this state of things much longer, and suddenly, when people are least expecting it, His strokes will fall upon them.

TRIBULATION ON THE JEWS

Jesus said to the Jews, "Behold, your house is left unto you desolate." Has not this denunciation been fearfully fulfilled?

"Never was a narrative more full of horrors, frenzies, unspeakable degredations and overwhelming miseries than is the siege of Jerusalem. Never was any prophecy more closely, more terribly, more overwhelmingly fulfilled than this of Christ's. The men going about in the disguise of women with swords concealed under their gay robes; the rival outrages and infamies of John and Simon; the priests struck by darts from the upper court of the temple and falling slain by their sacrifices; the blood of all sorts of dead carcasses—priests, strangers, profane—standing in lakes in the holy courts, the corpses themselves lying

in piles and mounds on the very altar slopes; the fires feeding luxuriously on cedar work overlaid with gold; friend and foe trampled to death on the gleaming Mosiac's, promiscuous carnage; priests swollen with hunger, leaping madly into the devouring flames till at last those flames had done their work, and what had been the temple at Jerusalem the beautiful and holy house of God, was a heap of ghastly ruins where the burning embers were half slaked in pools of gore."—FARRAR'S LIFE OF CHRIST.

Jesus and His disciples foretold the destruction of Jerusalem, but there was only an occasional one who would listen. For the most part the people went on, hardened in their infidelity, and as stupid and indifferent as beasts about the fearful calamities that were about to fall upon them, and it is just so today. The fallen preachers are doing all in their power to ease the consciences of their self-indulgent, pleasure-seeking, money-loving congregations. God's wrath will soon burst upon them with all the horrors depicted in the pages of sacred and profane history, and even worse, for Jesus says in reference to the end of the Gentile age, that there will be a time of "great tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world to this time, no, nor ever shall be."

Another picture of the unutterable horrors of the destruction of Jerusalem might be related here:

"And did not all the righteous blood shed upon the earth since the days of Abel come upon that generation?—to see their fellows crucified in jest 'some one way and some another,' till 'room was wanting for the crosses and crosses for the carcasses?'—to experience the 'deep silence' and the kind of deadly night which seized upon the city in the intervals of rage?—to see 600,000 dead bodies carried to the gates?—to see friends fighting madly for grass and nettles, and the refuse of the drains?—to see the bloody zealots 'gasping for want, and stumbling and staggering along like mad dogs?'—to hear the horrid tale of the miserable mother, who, in the pangs of famine, had devoured her own child?—to be sold as slaves in such multitudes that at last none would buy them?—to see the streets running with blood, and the 'fire of burning houses quenched in the blood of their defenders?'—to have their young sons sold in hundreds, or exposed in the amphitheaters to the gladiator or the fury of the lion, until at last 'since the people were now slain, the Holy House burned down, and the city in flames, there was nothing further left for the enemy to do?'"
—FARRAR'S LIFE OF CHRIST.

Reader, this is only a picture that prefigures the awful horrors of the Gentile judgments that will break upon the world after

Christ takes His blood-washed Bride away. The blood of millions of martyrs must be avenged on the Gentile nations. God's saints have never received more terrible treatment from the hands of the Jews than they have from the Gentiles. The wicked Nero, the agents of the Inquisition, and all other persecutors of God's children must suffer fearful retribution. John, in Revelation 6:9-10, says, "I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held: And they cried with a loud voice, saying, How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?" We see plainly by this and many other scriptures that the blood of these martyrs will be avenged on the Gentile nations. There have been many millions of these martyrs who have been tortured and put to death in every conceivable way. God says that once more He will shake the heavens and the earth and all the nations. This will not be done altogether through the operations of wars, but by earthquakes. Then will be fulfilled the prophecy, "For when they shall say, Peace and safety; then sudden destruction

cometh upon them, * * and they shall not escape" (1 Thess. 5:3).

"IN SUCH AN HOUR AS YE THINK NOT"

It is reported that the earthquake at San Francisco took place at 5:15 a. m., at the very hour when nearly the whole city was asleep. No one was expecting any trouble when that terrific shock came, lasting about three minutes, which almost stopped the heart pulsations of hundreds of thousands of people. We are told that no sensation is more sickening or horrifying than that produced by an earthquake. Those who have felt the shocks say there are no words adequate to describe it. People go insane from its effects. One of the awful features of the tribulation will be the fact that a great per cent. of the population will be frenzied with suffering and fear. The Bible plainly tells us that men will seek death and shall not find it, and in their efforts to escape God's wrath, will call for the rocks and hills to fall on them and hide them from His presence. This shows how men will suffer on account of evil consciences and in trying to escape one calamity they will meet another.

The prophet Amos, in describing the effects

of an earthquake, says, it will be, "as if a man did flee from a lion, and a bear met him; or went into the house, and leaned his hand on the wall, and a serpent bit him." This prophet also says that they will wander from city to city in search of water to drink and will not be satisfied, and yet they will not return unto the Lord. People look upon the Pacific Coast disaster as something that simply happened by chance, and are trying to give scientific reasons for its occurrence; they are determined to leave God out of the affair, contrary to His word, which says, "Shall a trumpet be blown in the city, and the people not be afraid? * * and the Lord hath not done it?"

It is a known fact that God has always had a people on the earth to whom He could reveal His secrets. He occasionally finds a chosen vessel who will keep His commandments and do His will at any cost; to such a one He reveals the hidden mysteries of grace and shows him things to come. "Surely the Lord God will do nothing, but he revealeth his secrets unto his servants the prophets." God has used the Pacific Coast calamity to open His word to His true people.

CHAPTER XIII

Tornadoes and Floods

On March 21st, 1913, a terrific storm, with startling suddenness started in Northern Texas, and traveled diagonally across the country, bisecting the Mississippi Valley moving in a northerly direction across Ohio into the regions of the great lakes.

In the first stages of the storm, millions of dollars worth of property were destroyed and many lives lost. Alabama seems to have been the worst stricken.

Telegraphic communication was cut off, and in some instances 5,000 mile detours were made to connect Chicago with New York. There were 200 trunk wires that were lost.

The wind, combined with rain, sleet and hail, was responsible for the situation. For five hours New York labored to get in touch with the stricken area, then made a sweep touching the Gulf of Mexico, the Eastern Rockies and the Canadian border line.

Blowing eighty-eight miles an hour the storm struck Western New York, killing two

persons and imperiling the lives of many others.

One hundred patients at the state hospital at Utica narrowly escaped death while being hurried into the building when the storm struck the city with the force of a tornado. Two trees on the lawn where the patients had been taking an airing, were blown down, and several inmates were cut by flying glass when the windows were broken. An attendant was injured by a plank blown from a building near by. The gale plowed a path 200 feet wide through the hospital grounds and a portion of the city, causing much damage.

Lower Peach Tree, Alabama, was practically wiped out. At Gibbsland houses were lifted from their foundations and carried through the air several hundred yards and dropped just outside the town limits. In Murfreesboro nearly every building in the public square was leveled. A Presbyterian church was wrecked, and the corner of the court house unroofed. Conductors on trains reported that houses were literally carried by the wind across the tracks.

Two heroic young women telephone operatros, Mabel Hill and Minnie Yearwood, stayed

IN THE BUSINESS SECTION OF CINCINNATI DURING THE FLOOD

at their post of duty, regardless of the flying timbers that broke the windows of the building they occupied, and signaled fire companies and aroused citizens from their beds, "then girl-like, when it was over broke down and cried."

In Madison County, Tennessee, the storm left a path of destruction a quarter of a mile wide, killing people and blowing down many houses and barns.

Everywhere churches and school houses were damaged. The region between Hoxie, Black Rock and Walnut Ridge, Arkansas, was strewn with wreckage of every description. In many instances the only remaining evidences of houses were what was left of bed quilts, sheets and clothing blowing from trees that withstood the force of the gale.

A railroad station at Minturn was blown away, as was the station at Hoxie. In all of these towns and cities, lives were lost. In one town as many as thirty-nine persons were known to have been killed. One of the peculiar features of the storm was that it found most people asleep. For days it was almost impossible to estimate the loss.

At Memphis the government steamer Vulcan was sunk in forty feet of water.

Damage estimated at a million dollars resulted from the tornado in Indiana. A number of people were killed and injured from flying debris. "Churches suffered particularly from the gale. At Tipton the Methodist church was unroofed. The chimney of the Holy Angels Church at Indianapolis was toppled over and crashed through the roof onto an altar elaborately decorated for Easter. The Methodist church at Harmony and three churches at Franklin were demolished."

In nearly every account given of the destruction in the wake of the tornado special mention is made of churches that were demolished. It was just preceding Easter when elaborate preparations were being made for the services. The practices in the modern churches in connection with Easter are simply idolatry. Women and men dress in their gayest apparel, and Easter Sunday at the church is a veritable Vanity Fair.

New bonnets, silks, satins and flashing gems, everywhere greet the eye. The pastor is closed in with a bank of flowers while inside of hearts are ghastly skeletons, whitened sepulchers, full of dead men's bones.

The pastor preached his little Easter ser-

monette, comparing the resurrection life to April flowers, and the whole proceedings are an abomination in God's sight, a travesty on the religion of the Bible. Is it any wonder that the steepled houses where such performances are carried on under the name of religion are swept away by the tornadoes of God's wrath?

In the streets of Indianapolis a large force of men worked all day removing fallen trees, while policemen guarded the dangerous places in the down-town district. With houses unroofed and windows broken the cold wave following the storm caused much suffering. The storm swept some of the streets with as much impunity as though they were western plains. An 86-mile gale hurled pedestrians to the street and injured many with flying debris.

At Louisville a farmer had his team and wagon blown into an adjoining field, but he himself escaped without injury.

Sixty persons in the Covington, Kentucky jail were bounced from their cots when lightning struck the prison and hurled a fifteen foot chimney to the ground. The iron cells and cots made good conductors for the lightning and the prisoners were in a panic.

At Jefferson, Texas the wind blew two

minutes at the rate of 120 miles an hour. A woman was killed and many houses ruined at Winona, Texas.

Ohio suffered greatly from the storm. At the county infirmary at Tiffin a smoke-stack was blown down and tottering walls made rescue impossible. A brick building was blown over on which several men were working. The contractor was killed and others badly injured.

Two fishing smacks disappeared on Sandusky Bay that were sighted three miles off from shore in the morning. A boat went ashore near Danbury, Ohio and was broken to pieces.

In Western Pennsylvania several houses were wrecked and a number of churches damaged.

Following the fearful tornado rain poured down for four days, and had it not been for God's promise that He would not totally destroy the world with a flood many would have thought that a repetition of the days of Noah was upon us, but the bow of promise gave hope that God would stay His hand and spare the world another deluge.

Rivers and lakes in the North and Middle West reached a high water mark that had

never been known before. It was declared that it was the greatest flood since the days of Noah.

March 25th, Grand Reservoir in Mercer County, Ohio, the largest artificial body of water in the world, broke its dikes and caused a flood at Dayton. Unofficial reports of the dead and dying were all the way from 500 to 10,000 in and about Dayton. Later, it was found that many who were missing were rescued from tops of buildings and other places where they were huddled together like animals.

The water was so high the city was left in total darkness and practically every business house was flooded to the second floor. The city of Celina, Mercer County, situated on the south of the reservoir, was not heard of for some time after the devastating waters broke loose in their frenzy of destruction. It was supposed that this town of 30,000 inhabitants was totally destroyed.

St. Mary's on the north bank of the reservoir also remained in silence.

In the history of the world, says the *New York World,* there never was a flood of greater extent, with the exception perhaps of the prehistoric deluge of Noah's time. Wind and

STREET SCENE, INDIANAPOLIS, DURING FLOOD

rainstorms of terrific violence covered vast areas of the middle West from the Missouri River to the Allegheny Mountains, reaching as far north as Ontario and below Southern Illinois. Ohio, Indiana and parts of Illinois and Missouri, Nebraska, Iowa and Kansas, suffered most severely.

Hamilton, Dayton, Delaware, Middletown, Columbus and Youngstown, presented particularly pitiable spectacles. In these cities the fatalities and property loss were heavy.

Frantic appeals came from the Mayors of these cities, especially Dayton, for aid, and the Federal and State authorities, as well as the Red Cross Society, took hurried measures for relief.

Cincinnati experienced a cloudburst early on the morning of the 25th which started the Ohio River to rising rapidly. Soon many of the streets were flooded. Families in the lowlands were warned before the waters reached them.

A big dam a short distance from Akron, Ohio burst and horsemen were sent throughout the valley to warn the populace of their danger. Hundreds fled to higher ground.

Sweeping up the Ohio Valley from the west, the third storm in ten days devastated

different sections between Louisville and Cincinnati in Kentucky, and extensive districts in Illinois, Indiana and Southwestern Ohio. A number of persons were reported killed at Makanda, Illinois. At Lima, Ohio, flooded by the Ottawa River, ten miles of trains were held up by washouts at Middlepoint.

At Springfield, Ohio, Mad River and Buck Creek both out of their banks and several houses flooded. LaRue inundated. Many reported homeless and much suffering among poor classes.

Ft. Wayne, Indiana,—St. Joseph, Maumee and St. Mary's Rivers on rampage. Towns without light and water famine threatened.

Marion, Indiana,—500 persons forced to flee for their lives.

Ellwood, Indiana,—300 persons homeless.

St. Louis,—Many families forced to leave their homes by the Des Peres River.

Youngstown, Ohio,—14,000 men are idle by reason of closing down of factories and mills.

Newark, Ohio,—Mar. 25th. Special Despatch to *Commercial Tribune.*

Waters from the North Fork and the South Fork of the Licking River are running through the residential part of the city. Several hundred people have been rescued by boats from their homes. The police department has ordered every one to vacate the lower

part of the city at once. The flood-gates of Buckeye Lake nine miles from this city have been thrown open because the water was in danger of breaking through the dikes. Were the dikes to give way a sad story would be told at Newark.

All the B. & O. trains operating on the Sandusky division have been withdrawn. The city of Mt. Vernon on the B. & O. is shut off tonight without light or water supply.

The water is still rising rapidly. The streets are crowded with people who are not satisfied in the face of impending disaster to go to bed.

On the 25th of March at Columbus, Ohio, half a hundred row and motor boats were used to carry supplies through the streets to the sufferers.

It is impossible to go into details and describe the frightful scenes of suffering in the flooded district. We can touch on only a few points and merely give the reader some material for thought.

The Governor ordered out the troops and the flooded district was put under marshal law.

The following is a copy of the telegram sent by Governor Cox to the Chairman of the Red Cross Society at Washington.

Columbus, March 25th.

"Advices are that the situation at Dayton are very

critical. More than half the city is inundated from a depth of five to nine feet. The entire down town commercial district is under water. At this time no means of knowing how many are lost.

Piqua, Sidney, Hamilton and Middletown, are also sadly in need. The maximum of our military strength is being used in different parts of the state. We have appeals from some parts by telephone to the effect that women and children are in the second story of their homes. Boats are being rushed overland by wagon, as railroad traffic in flooded districts is practically suspended. We greatly appreciate your interest and co-operation. James M. Cox,
Governor.

A bill appropriating $250,000 for the relief of the sufferers was sent to the legislature. Gov. Cox sent appeals for aid to the governors of all the border states of Ohio, including Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Michigan, Indiana and Kentucky.

Thousands of head of livestock perished in the flood. Hundreds of persons who took refuge in a school house were soon surrounded by the flood. In their frantic appeal for help they kept ringing the bell, but the current was too swift for them to be reached, even with boats.

Ten thousand were homeless at Columbus

alone. The city and more than a half dozen other towns were cut off from the world. At a small town northeast of Dayton twenty-three bodies were seen sweeping through in the river. A telephone message from Dayton to Gov. Cox said 30,000 people in that city were homeless, and that four suburbs, including Edmont, North Dayton, Riverdale, and Dayton View, were inundated.

A despatch from Hamilton stated that L. R. Davis residing on Dayton street, witnessed a most pathetic tragedy at Water street and the C. H. & D. railroad last night. A man standing in front of his home, crazed at the sight of the fast encroaching waters, deliberately turned upon his wife and shot her through the temple. With a wild cry the desperate man then leveled a gun at his own head and sent a bullet through his brain. His body fell across that of his wife.

A special despatch to the *Tribune* from Delaware, Ohio, reads as follows:

Scenes of indescribable suffering are enacted in this town tonight and untold horrors constantly offend the eye. The heart of the city is flooded with ten feet of water, carrying death and destruction in its wake. Two hundred homes are swept away and mon-

BUILDINGS WRECKED BY FLOOD, DAYTON, OHIO

etary losses will run into millions. The raging waters make rescue work almost impossible, and all efforts to count the dead and succor the living go for naught.

Message from Hamilton, Ohio, said:

The cries of women and children as they faced inevitable death, and the frantic, but unsuccessful efforts of husbands and fathers to rescue loved ones, present a scene that will go down in the history of the world's catastrophes as one of the worst on record. Thrilling stories were told how families were separated, some fortunate enough to be saved while others were left to their doom. In one case a fourteen year old girl was the only one out of a family of six to be saved, the other five being caught in the house as it was overturned, and buried beneath it. Emma Theobold, the girl that was saved, was forced to hang on a tree for four hours until she was found by a patrolman of the Cincinnati police department. The girl was in a state of exhaustion and her hands were cut through to the bone from clinging in the tree. She fainted after being rescued, but was soon revived.

Many persons went to their death in plain view of the more fortunate ones, when their houses, which were floating, would crumble and the occupants be hurled into the water. In many houses the families would move to the upper floor and even to the roof, only to have the water follow them at the rate of three to four feet an hour, and finally drive them from the highest point they could reach.

James Weaver and his wife residing on Ludlow avenue had a close call from death. As the water was just beginning to creep up to the top floor of their home they were taken out. Weaver said that he saw a man swimming in Ludlow street towing a large dry-goods box on which sat his wife.

Roads leading into Hamilton presented a sad appearance. Buggies and farm wagons were lined up for miles and the flood victims gathered in little crowds to discuss their fate and the remote chances of saving any of their property. Worry was written on the faces of many whose entire families were not accounted for.

East Hamilton and Peck's Addition suffered as much as Hamilton itself, more than 1,500 being rendered homeless in the former place while in the latter water covered everything.

Bellefontaine, O., March 25th—More than 2,000 acres of water are pouring against the banks of the Lewistown reservoir, fifteen miles from here, and if the increasing flood should burst the banks the lives of every inhabitant of the lower Miami Valley would be imperiled.

Sheriff Cook and deputies have vainly tried all day to reach the Pennsylvania train which has been marooned nearly twenty-four hours on the banks of the Mad River, opposite West Liberty, Ohio. Twenty passengers waded to safety from the coach which fell into the river

Most of the passengers in the train are thought to be from Chicago.

CHAPTER XIV

Calamity, a Rebuke to Presumption and Pride

DESTRUCTION OF VANIMAN'S AIRSHIP

One calamity after another comes, and human lives are sacrificed because there are those who refuse to take warning. Disasters on sea and land are ever increasing, but there seems to be nothing to check the presumption and passions of men. God speaks, but there are none to heed His voice. The world, like a merry-go-round, moves on, holding people under the spell and charm of sin, unconscious of the doom that awaits them.

Men have captured the elements and made them subserve their purposes, but withal they know not their Creator and persist in trying to become gods themselves. There never was an age when human beings were more defiant of God's laws. With all the scientific inventions and achievements they have forgotten that He has said, "Without me, ye can do nothing." God alone has creative power. John 1:3 says of Christ, "Without him was not anything made that was made." But man has

been given the power to utilize natural forces in his own service. Marvelous inventions have been thrust upon the world, where sin abounds and the creature is worshiped rather than the Creator. "God is a spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth" (John 4:24). The trend is ever toward materialism. That which cannot be seen with the natural eye is ignored. Spiritual blindness is everywhere in evidence. Scarcely any one attempts to look through the eye of faith, and without faith it is impossible to please God.

To live in the Spirit there must be a constant battle to keep the body under. It is easy to forget that all flesh is as grass. Man is prone to rely upon his own resources. In the marvelous achievements that are being made self is exalted and God is robbed of His glory. Hence, it becomes necessary that calamities come as a rebuke to presumption and pride. There are those who would vaunt themselves beyond measure and set themselves up as gods to be worshiped, if ever and anon there was not a blow struck that shows up human frailty and weakness.

The Titanic disaster marvelously illustrates

this truth. The wonderfully equipped vessel, the pride of Great Britain, demonstrating the very acme of human skill in mechanical engineering, was blotted, as it were, out of existence by a single stroke from the Almighty, to teach men the first commandment,—"Thou shalt have no other gods before me." Danger lies in the pathway of those who become self-confident and take undue glory to themselves in the work of their own hands. 1 Cor. 10:12 says, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." This should be duly heeded by people of every vocation in life. When men are saying peace and safety then sudden calamity comes.

A certain amount of self-confidence is necessary, but there is a limit, and to go beyond this is crossing the dead-line. God's rebukes are fearful, and after repeated warnings, He will administer the final stroke that will hurl man down the precipice of his own ambitions and leave him a mangled corpse for the world to look upon and profit by. God prospers and protects people as they reverence and fear Him. When pride and presumption play their part on the stage of human life tragedy is the climax.

The destruction of the dirigible Akron at

Atlantic City on July 2, 1912, with five human lives, is one of the disasters that has shocked the civilized world. The explosion took place 2,000 feet above the sea, in the early morning, and was witnessed by 3,000 people on shore. The Akron, in which Mr. Vaniman hoped to cross the ocean, was making a trial trip, but when all was going smoothly an explosion occurred, tearing the gas bag into bits. The car tipped and fell straight to the water as quickly as lead. With it went Vaniman and his men, and in a moment the entire exhibition was wiped out, all the crew being killed and the ship utterly destroyed.

Melvin Vaniman was the engineer who accompanied Walter Wellman in his attempt to cross the Atlantic in the dirigible balloon, America, and had been preparing to try the same feat on his own account. The Akron was a balloon of his own design on which hundreds of thousands of dollars had been spent, and in which it was believed, he had corrected the mistakes of Wellman's airship. Day after day experiments had been made and details perfected, which were supposed to insure successful flight.

It was a bright morning with merely a mist and only a slight wind from the west. There was not the least doubt expressed in the stability of the machine. To assist in launching the ship the authorities of Atlantic City placed the fire and police departments at the service of Mr. Vaniman. They steered her safely out of the shed and held her secure. It was a beautiful sight as she rose gracefully in full view of the anxious spectators. The crowd cheered heartily while the cream-colored vessel reflected the sun's rays.

A LAST FAREWELL

Mrs. Vaniman stood waving from the porch of a little cottage they had occupied since her husband had begun his experiments. But only a few moments intervened when Mrs. Vaniman, who was acquainted with every detail of the ship's construction, saw it torn to atoms and knew her husband and his crew were lost. It is said she bore it bravely, while the wives of other men of the ill-fated balloon were frantic with grief. No doubt Mrs. Vaniman had thought much upon the probability of such a disaster and this had somewhat prepared her for it. Had Melvin Vaniman crossed the ocean in this ship his name would

have gone down as the greatest hero and inventor of the age. But God did not see fit to confer this honor upon him.

One of the members of my own household saw him and his men working with the machine on Sunday. I have never known it to fail, that when people disregard the day Christ set apart for rest and worship, calamity of some kind overtakes them sooner or later. Christ rose from the dead on the first day of the week. In spite of those who ignore the Christian Sabbath, God has always honored it, and always will. The great majority of people who have been converted have found Christ under the preaching of the Gospel on the first day of the week. In the New Testament dispensation it is the Lord's Day. The old Jewish Sabbath, with its rites and ceremonies and bloody sacrifices has gone. Every Jew who gets converted keeps Sunday instead of Saturday. He knows he is done with the works of the law when he accepts Christ.

The Titanic was struck just before midnight on Sunday, after hundreds had thrown the reins loose on the neck of sinful indulgences in the desecration of God's holy day. It was another fearful rebuke to Sabbath-breakers.

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VANIMAN'S AIRSHIP A FEW MINUTES BEFORE IT EXPLODED

Disasters on Sunday trains are becoming more numerous. Sunday steamboat excursions are continually meeting with divine disapproval. Human lives are sacrificed to flood and flame and in every other conceivable manner, simply because men refuse to honor God and His word.

The destruction of the Akron is one of the greatest tragedies in the long list resulting from the attempt to navigate the air. On July 5th, three days later, Thomas Moore dropped to his death from a parachute 1,000 feet in the air, before 15,000 people, who had gathered at Hillside Park, Belleville, N. J. Mr. Moore was one of the best balloonists in the United States. He refused to use his life-belt and when warned of danger, said,

"I WON'T GO TO HEAVEN TODAY."

He had planned to make the event unusually spectacular, and the first two stages of the program were carried out successfully. The fatality came in the third. At 4 o'clock the great gas bag was full and the balloon was tugging at its anchor. Moore stepped forward and into the basket. The park manager, a friend of his, cried out, "Don't be a fool, Tom, why do you want to take such chances! Go

on and fix that life-belt." The belt referred to is known as an æronaut's life-belt and all careful balloonists attach it to a parachute before making an ascent.

The warning seemed to amuse Moore, a handsome, well-built chap of twenty-five. He laughed at his friend and replied, "That's all right, Bill, I have been up in the heavens hundreds of times, but I haven't been all the way to heaven, and won't go there today."

Then turning to Gillen who was with him, he said, "Get into the basket." But, Gillen was more careful than his partner and adjusted his belt to the parachute before starting.

"Let her go!" shouted Moore, and the balloon shot to an altitude of 3,000 feet; then the wind caught it and it was blown to the west, only to be caught in another current of air and carried back over the park.

The crowds could see two men adjusting parachutes. Gillen told how he had parted from Moore. "I told him to adjust his life-belt, but he wouldn't. He said he knew his business too well to make any mistake. My parachute opened nicely before I had dropped more than 100 or 200 feet. Tom released his first parachute and there came

a drop for him, but the second parachute opened all right. I saw him release the second parachute, and fall with the red, white and blue one. He was 1,000 feet up. He also opened the third parachute. The next instant I was almost paralyzed by a terrific shriek and Tom's body shot by me. His hold was broken on the third parachute and not being attached to it by a life-belt he fell."

Panic seized the spectators and women and children made for the gates, shrieking, and falling over one another. The balloon crashed into a field half a mile away. Moore was still breathing. He had jumped from so many dizzy heights he had become defiant of the laws of nature and God made him an example of His wrath to the thousands who witnessed his fall.

Wilbur Wright who constructed the æroplane that made him famous on both sides of the Atlantic, when in France was requested by the President to take his machine out on Sunday, but refused on the ground that he was not a Sabbath desecrater. Mr. Wright, I have been informed, had a Christian father, which accounts for his maintaining true principles, even after he was known as a great inventor.

He died a natural death a short time ago as the result of fever, with no stain of presumption on his character.

For many years Count Zeppelin has been building airships, many of which have been destroyed by storm or by fire. Only recently one was blown out to sea by a hurricane and wrecked, fifteen men or about two-thirds of the crew, losing their lives.

During the past few years the German people have been almost carried away by the thought of gaining supremacy in air navigation, picturing in their imagination, a fleet of air vessels carrying guns and deadly bombs, threatening death and destruction to their enemies.

"Once more, and for the seventh time, a terrible disaster has overtaken a German dirigible airship. The great Zeppelin aerial warship, 'L-2' exploded a few minutes after leaving the Johannisthal aerodome at 10:15 this morning (Oct. 17th), carrying to death twenty-seven of the twenty-eight persons on board. The one survivor died tonight.

"On leaving its shed the airship ascended about 900 feet. The crowds that had assembled to witness the trial trip of this latest ad-

Photograph, Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

ZEPPELIN "L-2" AFTER THE EXPLOSION

dition to the German Navy cheered as the monster—525 feet long and of 820 horse power—rose in the air.

"Suddenly as they watched they were horrified to observe an explosion, and a mighty pillar of flame burst from the balloon. In an instant the entire structure was enveloped, and turning end on, the airship plunged to the earth a mass of burning canvas and molten aluminum."

In spite of all the accidents that have occurred and the lives that have been lost the German Emperor advises that there be no cessation of efforts in perfecting the air warships. The Bible speaks about the nations' being mad (Jer. 51:7), and it is evident that Germany is mad,—crazed with a lust for power and supremacy. This spirit is back of its army, its navy, its Imperators and its air warships, and therefore God says, "Behold, I am against thee, O thou most proud, saith the Lord God of hosts: for thy day is come, the time that I will visit thee. And the most proud shall stumble and fall, and none shall raise him up: and I will kindle a fire in his cities, and it shall devour all round about him."

CHAPTER XV

The Nations Coming to a Crisis

As the world hastens on to a crisis and we see the multitudes thronging the broad road, we tremble for those who are at ease in Zion. God's plan to save souls and enlighten the nations is through human instrumentality. But how few people are willing to sacrifice their own lives to save others! When Jesus hung on the cross, His persecutors said, "He saved others; himself he cannot save" (Mark 15:31), and how true this was. If He had tried to save himself, the plan of redemption would have been defeated. He could not have been made an offering for sin had He not been willing to lose His life, and so it is with His true followers. If they would save others, themselves they cannot save.

One who leaps overboard to save a drowning man risks his own life, but there are those who dare to do it. If people would rescue perishing souls they must risk all. The great sea of humanity is in awful turmoil, and souls unconscious of their peril are going down to eter-

nal woe. Multitudes stand by and refuse to lend a helping hand. They consider the sacrifice too great, and many confer with flesh and blood and let their opportunities pass. Such persons will be confronted at the Judgment by those whom it was possible for them to have saved. To become a soul-saver means to sacrifice the comforts of life and to be a pilgrim and a stranger on the earth. No one can travel the Calvary route and live in luxury and ease. It will mean privation and suffering such as the Master endured, but to suffer with Christ means to share His riches in glory and to have a house not made with hands eternal in the heavens.

Oh that we could draw men away from their own little surroundings and enable them to comprehend the purpose for which they were created! They would think less of their own lives and of the trifling things that occupy so much time and attention. The need of oppressed and downtrodden humanity is so great it demands all the time and strength of those who are willing to put themselves on record as true servants of the Lord. But strange to say the welfare of the human race, polluted as it is by sin, concerns but little the vast multi-

tude of professed Christians today who have a name to live and are dead. Such persons are at ease in Zion and vainly imagine they will escape the wrath of a just God. John 3:16 says, "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." This passage is quoted more than any other in the New Testament and God has a purpose in this. He wants His children to understand that He loves every lost soul of Adam's race and that the life blood of His Son has paid the redemption price.

"HOW SHALL WE ESCAPE?"

How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation and refuse to help save others after we ourselves have been saved from sin. Oh that blind eyes could be opened and deaf ears unstopped so that the cries of the lost could be heard by those who have it within their power to rescue them! Multitudes are mangled and bruised by the Fall and unable to reach a place of safety without help. Where is the good Samaritan who will bind up their wounds and take them to an inn (true Church) where they can be refreshed by the wine and oil of the kingdom! It will cost something to do this.

The Good Samaritan walked while the wounded man was placed upon his own beast. He also furnished the inn-keeper with money to provide for him and thus we see that he had to deny himself to rescue one who was ready to die. How few people are willing to give of their substance! The best is always reserved for self. They see others without the comforts of life and say, Be thou warmed and clothed, but they are unwilling to disturb their own pocketbooks. Whatever such persons may profess, they will find when it is too late that they have missed the mark entirely and made their beds in hell.

How few there are who give from the heart! There are those who will make gifts, if in so doing they will receive the praise of men, or in other words, use their gifts as a means of gratifying the pride of their own hearts. God will not receive such offerings. They send forth a stinking savor and are like dead flies in the ointment. Many make excuses because they claim they have no gifts or talents that could be used in soul-saving work. They pass judgment upon themselves, contrary to the word of God, who has said that He chooses the weak things and the foolish and the

base things of the world to confound the mighty. No one, without divine illumination, is capable of judging himself and has no more right to do so than to pass judgment upon others. Moses made a great mistake when he complained of his slowness of speech and told the Lord he was not eloquent. God said, "Who hath made man's mouth?" and His anger was kindled against Moses. How many persons today are bringing down the wrath of God on their heads for refusing to obey when He commands!

BUT FEW WILL PRAY

Oh that the Lord would send a religious awakening over the land that would arouse the nation from its sleep of death and bring the people to repentance! If the forebodings of some great calamity could be seen and felt, many no doubt would betake themselves to prayer as the people did in Nineveh of old. If people do not repent quickly the tribulation judgments will burst in fury upon the nations. If they would begin to pray, marvelous things might take place. The old denominations quit praying many years ago, and thus calamity has been invited and divine retribution is near at hand. Only here and there a few de-

vout souls may be found who actually pray.

The banner of holiness has long been trailed in the dust. The garments that were once the habiliments of saints are everywhere besmirched with the sins of the flesh. Are there no weeping prophets that will take up a lamentation over the apostate condition of Christendom today, who will weep between the porch and the altar until God sees fit to rend the heavens and take away the reproach? Verily He hath not spoken in vain, and every jot and tittle of His word will be fulfilled. Isaiah says, "And they shall go into the holes of the rocks, and into the caves of the earth, for fear of the Lord, and for the glory of his majesty, when he ariseth to shake terribly the earth."

There are a few faithful witnesses who dare to lift up the standard and cry out against sin and never was there greater demand for Christian heroism than now. It encourages the heart to see one who has actually been delivered from the fear of men in the midst of this wicked and sinful generation, boldly declaring the whole counsel of God. The Pillar of Fire is in the breach to be a witness to the nations in these last days. A crisis has come. There is no time to fold the arms and sit down.

In order to save one's own life one must risk his life for others. Those who are intimidated by opposing forces will sink beneath the waves to rise no more. Faith as a grain of mustard seed will remove mountains of difficulty and enable one to triumph when all is dark without.

The Christian warrior wages a mighty battle. He is not engaged in a conflict by which he expects to obtain an earthly crown or kingdom. He looks upon the things of this world as trifling and transient. He is working in behalf of his soul's eternal interest, and those things that will endure through a never-ending eternity. He sees the goal at the end of the race and exercises all of his faculties in trying to make his calling and election sure. With the spirit of the martyrs he counts not his life dear and is just as willing to glorify God by his death as by his life. In a world of vanity and pride where men love luxury, ease and pleasure there are no attractions for him. As did Abraham he seeks a city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God.

CHAPTER XVI

The Sin Against the Holy Ghost

The unpardonable sin is committed when people attribute the work of the Holy Spirit to the devil. In the sight of God there could be no greater crime, and where people do this wilfully it merits damnation. This is a fearful penalty, but the scripture says, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" (Gen. 18:25).

Jesus was accused by ungodly men of having an unclean spirit. This was virtually calling the third Person of the Trinity a devil. It is not uncommon to hear the same thing of the ambassadors of Christ; hypocritical professors are often reckless in their denunciations of God's anointed. This is nothing less than blasphemy, yet they are not aware of their danger.

1 John 5:16 says, "If any man see his brother sin a sin which is not unto death, he shall ask, and he shall give him life for them that sin not unto death. There is a sin unto death: I do not say that he shall pray for it." It is useless to pray for one who has committed

the sin unto death, and it is often made manifest to those who are spiritual. "For the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God. For what man knoweth the things of man, save the spirit of man which is in him? even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God" (1 Cor. 2:10-11).

The idea seems to prevail that one can say or do almost anything against a child of God and not be held responsible for it, but there could be no greater folly. 1 Cor. 6:19 says, "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, which is in you?" God's Holy Spirit works through human instrumentalities, hence the danger of fighting against them. There are ample scriptures to prove this argument. 2 Cor. 6:16 says, "For ye are the temple of the living God; as God hath said, I will dwell in them, and walk in them; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people."

Many are committing the sin against the Holy Spirit. Often without hesitation people denounce the children of God in the strongest terms, and at the same time imagine that they are dealing with man alone. They forget that the Scriptures say, "He therefore that despiseth, despiseth not man, but God, who hath also

given unto us his Holy Spirit" (1 Thess. 4:8). Also, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me" (Matt. 25:40).

As a rule, those who have committed the unpardonable sin do not live long. After God's Spirit ceases to strive with them they are turned over to the devil, and sudden calamity or death overtakes them. The day of mercy is past and their probationary life is ended.

If Satan cannot drive people hastily beyond the reach of mercy he tries a gradual process, leading them on from bad to worse, until they take the step that cuts off their last chance for eternal life. The conscience becomes seared, and truths that once made an impression upon their heart no longer affect them in the least.

I remember distinctly the time when the Holy Spirit revealed to me that some one had committed the unpardonable sin. This was in a city in Iowa where my brother and myself were holding a tent meeting. On a Sunday evening the Holy Spirit gave me a burning message on the near coming of the Lord, and the tribulation judgments. All available space

was taken on the inside, and hundreds were gathered about the tent on the outside. My whole being trembled under the pressure of the Spirit. There were a number of clergymen in attendance, among them a Methodist Presiding Elder, whom I observed weeping when the awful judgments of God were being thundered in the ears of the people.

There were those present who had tried to make a disturbance, but the Spirit of God took hold of them and they were powerless to proceed further. For nearly an hour the congregation was held under the spell of the Gospel. Words are inadequate to describe the scene as volley after volley from the heavenly batteries was poured out upon them. Instantly it was revealed to me that some one near by was sinning against the Holy Spirit. I said, "There is some one here tonight who is fighting against God and sealing his doom for eternity."

Then I called out to a physician who had invited my brother and myself to hold this meeting, saying, "Doctor D—, when you hear of some one's dying suddenly, who is present tonight, will you kindly write me about it?" He said, "I will."

On leaving the tent that night this man

was accosted by another physician, who said, "Doctor D—, you seem to be carried away with this fanaticism. If you keep on, your instruments will soon be up for sale, and you will be going with these people."

We went to another meeting from this place. When I reached home a letter was awaiting me from Dr. D—, telling of the sudden death of the physician with whom he had had the foregoing conversation. He had dropped on the street, was carried to his office and expired a few minutes later. Shortly afterwards his instruments were advertised for sale. "He, that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy" (Prov. 29:1).

This is only one link in the chain of tragical events in which God has sent judgments upon those who have rejected His messages, rebelled against Him, and attributed the work of the Holy Spirit to the devil.

There is another way to sin against the Holy Ghost, which may be illustrated by the following incident. In my early ministry, a man fifty-five years old, came to the altar as a seeker of salvation. He was there eleven

nights in succession. No one, apparently, had any burden for him, and none of the Christian workers talked or prayed with any real interest for his soul. I asked him if he knew why this was. He seemed to know the reason and said, "When I was a young man, I attended revival meetings, and there were times when the Spirit so greatly moved me it was almost impossible to hold out. But I did, persistently refusing to yield. I thought I would wait until I was forty-five, and then I would be settled in life and it would be an easy matter to serve the Lord.

When I was between forty and fifty years of age the Holy Spirit again approached me and I felt Him trying to soften my heart, but it would have been much harder for me to have yielded at that time than it would have been years before. Feeling but little inclined to serve the Lord I made up my mind to wait ten years longer and here I am today with my heart as hard as adamant. I have no conviction and no feeling about the matter whatever. I am simply here because I felt it was my duty to come. I believe I have sinned away the day of grace, and that there is no hope for me."

I told him that there might be a chance in a thousand for him, and that I would advise

him to cry mightily to God to send the Holy Spirit back to him. I begged him to pray without ceasing and to fast, but he said, "I have no strength within me to persevere." And this was true. Nothing I could say or do had any effect upon him, and the meeting closed leaving him without hope in his lost condition.

Later, in a revival meeting at H——, Colorado, I told the story of this man, and God mightily used it in putting conviction upon the people. I predicted that he would be cut off suddenly. And on Saturday morning, only two days later, I read the following account in a Denver newspaper of his being stricken.

"F— K—, a well-to-do farmer, living near L— C—, attended a revival meeting Friday evening. On his way home, a blood vessel burst on his brain. The physicians say he will die."

Mr. K— lived two weeks after he was stricken, and only once during this time was he rational. He called for a certain preacher who, it was said, had been in a backslidden state for many years. Of course he received

no spiritual help, and finally breathed his last without God and without hope.

Oh, if people only knew what hell will be to a lost soul they certainly would be careful how they criticize the children of God! The fight of the devil is against the Holy Spirit, and those with whom He abides. Matt. 12: 41-42 says, "The men of Nineveh shall rise in judgment with this generation and shall condemn it: because they repented at the preaching of Jonas; and, behold, a greater than Jonas is here. The queen of the south shall rise up in the judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it: for she came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon; and, behold, a greater than Solomon is here." To harden the heart is spiritual suicide and people are in danger of doing this every time a message is delivered under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit.

Multitudes will have to face the Great Tribunal, who have committed the sin against the Holy Ghost. It is perilous for one to know that God is speaking through lips of clay and then not have the courage of his convictions. God looks upon the heart and makes no mistake. He knows who is accountable and will

deal with them accordingly. 1 Cor. 12:3 says, "Wherefore I give you to understand, that no man speaking by the Spirit of God calleth Jesus accursed: and that no man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost." When a person sins wilfully against the Holy Ghost he is cut off forever.

Reader, we beg of you to take warning, and not place yourself in a position where you will be left to die in your sins.

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